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# The Hollanders in Nova Zembla

## An Arctic Poem





"* * * High her bow
Points to the sky, her stern the meanwhile fixed
Within the frozen vice—"

*Page 66.*

IN

LENS

The



Poin
Wit

# THE HOLLANDERS IN NOVA ZEMBLA

[1596–1597]

## AN ARCTIC POEM

TRANSLATED FROM THE DUTCH OF HENDRIK TOLLENS

BY

DANIEL VAN PELT, A.M.

WITH A PREFACE AND AN HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION

BY

SAMUEL RICHARD VAN CAMPEN, F.R.G.S.

Corresponding Member of the Dutch and American Geographical Societies; Author of "The Dutch in the Arctic Seas," etc.

INCLUDING NOTES

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

NEW YORK: 27 & 29 WEST 23D ST.

LONDON: 25 HENRIETTA ST., COVENT GARDEN

1884

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1884

*Press of*
*G. P. Putnam's Sons*
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11C3196-291

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# PREFACE TO THE TRANSLATION.

THE interest which has ever attached to the story of Arctic adventures—though usually associated as these adventures are with prose narration, and seemingly ill-calculated through want of romance for poetic description—may fairly render any apology for the appearance of this little work unnecessary with the reader; however, it may not, perhaps, be out of place to explain the circumstances which have led to its appearance.

The labors of the writer, in his zeal for the renewal of Dutch Arctic research, until lately so long abandoned, and his incident investigation as to the past work of Holland in the field of Northern enterprise, led him early upon the story of the voyages of Barents and his companions three hundred years ago, so thrilling and so justly famous; but the instinct of the Dutch to celebrate poetically the eloquent passages in their history was found to have made no exception even of this sombre episode, and it was soon discovered that their most

esteemed poet of the century had told the story in charming verse of the "Overwintering" of the Hollanders in Nova Zembla.

So struck was I, indeed, with this poem of Hendrik Tollens, that at the time of my writing (1876) I even sought a translation of it from a gifted hand in London. In this endeavor, however, though encouraged at first I was disappointed finally, and was obliged to content myself with the wish, expressed in the preface of my book, "that some poet, with the daring requisite to attempt the translation of this *chef-d' œuvre* of Dutch poesy, and possessing something of my own enthusiasm for Holland, would yet place at my disposal an English version of it in order that it might find a place in our language as a further contribution to this subject." [1]

But my efforts did not cease here; for on returning from England, two or three years later, the matter was still kept in mind. Among those whom I then consulted in confirmation of my views—both as to the merits of the poem and the desirability of seeing it translated into English—was that learned critical student and writer, the Librarian of the American Geographical Society, whose letter relating to the subject I venture to give here, and whose encouragement of the present undertaking, in-

[1] "The Dutch in the Arctic Seas." (London, Trübner & Co., 1878.) Third Edition. Preface, p. xxxiv.

deed, has been agreeably the reverse of doubtful. The letter was as follows :

AMERICAN GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY,
No. 11 West 29th Street,
NEW YORK, April 12, 1879.

DEAR MR. VAN CAMPEN :—I return to you with best thanks "De Overwintering der Hollanders op Nova Zembla," by Tollens, to which you allude in the preface of your book, and which I have read with the greatest pleasure. With the occasional assistance of the very inferior English translation I have been enabled to read it in the original Dutch. This poem, relating the sufferings of the heroic Hollanders on the inhospitable shores of the Arctic seas, abounds in poetical beauties of the highest order. It would indeed be a boon to all lovers of true poetry if this noble work were to be rendered into English in a manner worthy of the original ; and the poet who would undertake this task would earn both the gratitude of English-speaking people for making them acquainted with one of the finest foreign poems of our times, as well as that of the kindred race of the Dutch, who would be glad to see a work upon which they look with national pride and delight made familiar outside of their own country.

Yours very truly,

LEOPOLD LINDAU.

S. R. VAN CAMPEN, Esq.

This masterpiece of Hendrik Tollens had long since been translated into French by the accomplished Belgian poet, Auguste Clavareau [1] ; and the translation has gone

[1] "L' Hivernage des Hollandais à la Nouvelle-Zemble, 1596-1597." Traduit de Tollens. Par Auguste Clavareau, Membre correspondant de l' Institut des Pays-Bas, des Sociétés de Litterature de Leyde, de Gand, de Liége et d' Archéologie d' Athènes, Chevalier des Ordres der Lion Néerlandais et de la Couronne de Chene. Quatriéme Edition. Utrecht : 1851.

through several editions in Holland alone, having been prefaced with an historical introduction rendered from the historian Van Kampen's account of the third voyage of Barents, in his "Geschiedenis der Nederlanders Buiten Europa." Likewise an anonymous English translation (a translation barbarously literal, and to which Mr. Lindau alludes) was printed in Holland in 1860. The manifest inferiority of the latter, however, served but to incite me the more to become, if possible, instrumental in giving to the public something fairly worthy of the original.

Having many a time taken from the shelves of the British Museum Reading-Room Longfellow's "Poets and Poetry of Europe," in which there are some specimens from the Dutch poets, I came at length to associate with *him* the possible performance of this task, as one of whose competence there could be no doubt, if he could but be got to interest himself in the matter; while on the other hand no poet in our language was more beloved of Hollanders. To this end, in the spring of 1879, I paid a visit to Longfellow, provided with a letter of introduction kindly furnished me by a near relation of the poet's, and urged upon him the desirability of a translation of the "Overwintering," asking that he might undertake the work.

If, however, my mission was not successful, I was at least well repaid for my pains, and my visit to Cambridge and its courteous and kindly poet on that spring day will not soon be forgotten. Longfellow knew well the name of Tollens and the esteem in which the Dutch held this poem; but his literary plans were too many, and, evidently to me, he regarded his remaining days too few to admit of his taking in hand any strictly new work—work which had not come to him in his own way and to the performance of which he was not rather in duty pledged. He nevertheless quite appreciated the importance of my errand in the endeavor I was making, and though he could not think of any one to whom he could recommend me, he said he should "feel interested in knowing how I succeeded." But I could not bring myself to the point of trying further then. Indeed, with this effort the matter practically rested, though to no little extent because of a preoccupation of mind for some time past with things other than literary—ever impatient albeit to return to my Dutch labors.[1]

[1] I cannot forbear availing myself of the opportunity afforded here to express the obligation ever felt to my friend, the late E. M. Langeveld, who supplied me with a literal prose rendering of this poem, as one of the various helps toward translation I had made it my business to collect. The work was cheerfully and voluntarily performed by my young friend when spending a vacation at his home at Texel, Holland; he sharing every Netherlander's pride in this stirring epic, if one may so term it, of Tollens, heightened perhaps in his case by the fact that the chief hero now associated with the poem, Barents, was himself a native of a neigh-

But all things are said to come to him who is able to wait. During the time these efforts were being made on my part, a young university graduate, reared on American soil but whose birthplace was Holland, and whose "enthusiasm" for his native land is, naturally, not less ardent than my inherited love, was employing his vacation periods in translating this Dutch masterpiece, and pluming the wings of his youthful muse in the endeavor; attracted thereto by the thrilling interest of the poem in the original, and moved by a desire similar to my own of seeing it brought over into our language.

Completed some months since, the translator finally sent the result of his patient love-labor to the editor of the *New Amsterdam Gazette*, who, both on account of the celebrity of the poem and the merit of the rendering, welcomed the matter for his paper. Meeting with it in the hands of this gentleman, the MS. was shown to me, and on glancing through the first two or three pages, I at once thought I caught the true ring. Quickly I prophesied to myself that the long-sought poet had been at last discovered; nor did the appearance of the complete

boring island. He, moreover, was aware that I proposed to submit the matter to Longfellow, whose poetry he was familiar with and whose name he revered. The packet enclosing the MS. was sent to me in London, and is postmarked "Texel, 19th Aug., '76." The reader will, I trust, pardon this digression, for it is at best but a faint tribute one can pay to the memory of an affectionate and true friend in a note like this.

translation in print change my opinion in this respect.

Through the kindly intervention of my editor-friend, an interview was in due time arranged between the translator and myself, and this interview served only the more to convince me of the correctness of my first impression. It seemed to me by no means certain that the circumstances which had baffled my efforts for so long a time might not after all have proved fortunate ones; for who could enter into all the niceties of the language of Tollens, or so truly interpret its spirit, as one who had grown up in the knowledge of it! And one, moreover, who was able thus to drink in the greatness of the theme itself, might be expected to give a rendering with much the same effect as if the poem were his own inspiration.

Finding ourselves in full sympathy with each other in respect to this work, and sharing each other's veneration for Holland, the acquaintance speedily bore fruit. The translator modestly deferred to my suggestion for an edition in book-form; while publishers were seen who, not ignorant of his labor, were disposed to encourage the proposition, and accordingly the present volume was decided upon.

Thus much for the circumstances which have given rise to the book. As to the poem itself, the historical basis of which is sketched in the Introduction, it cannot

cease to be of interest so long as Arctic expeditions are known and Northern research, either for commercial or scientific ends, continues.

To-day some of our own countrymen,—performing an important part in the grand scientific campaign which the nations have been conducting for the past two years within the Arctic circle—are supposed to be either lost or passing the winter on the ice-bound shores of Greenland; and at the country's call an expedition is being fitted out to proceed to their relief. Surely the bleak and dreary kingdom of the North commands much of our attention, and any page of its history may well bespeak a moment's thought and interest. The moral lessons of this voyage of Barents which the poem recounts, have more than once inspired men engaged in such enterprises with encouragement and hope. Numerous, indeed, as are the recorded instances of indomitable courage, by the memory whereof the pioneers of great enterprises in later times have fortified their promptings to perseverance,—this it was which suggested to the heroic Kane the comparison of his position, at one time, with that of Barents, marvelling, however, at his own preservation. Nor has it been remembered only in the midst of fields of snow and ice. The immortal Livingstone, in a clime the farthest removed in its every condition from

that of Nova Zembla, and in the deepest solitude of his lonely equatorial wanderings, recalls the incidents of Barents' career, and contemplates with a calmness that is astounding, in the midst of a fever-laden air, the sublime heroism, the extraordinary patience, and the unswerving faith in Providence, of the devoted explorer.

While abounding, as the records of Arctic explorations do, in deeds of brilliant heroism the mere mention of which were sufficient to kindle the dullest spirit to emulation, yet the sufferings entailed by these enterprises have been so great, and often so peculiarly harrowing, that pitying sympathy, perhaps, rather than admiring enthusiasm must ever be the predominating sentiment as we read their annals. In this respect, indeed, the very highest perfection of science seems to furnish no advantage over the rude and insufficient appointments wherewith our forefathers were compelled to content themselves in braving the terrors of the North. The Nordenskiöld expedition, though its prolonged absence caused much solicitude, affords a happy exception ; but it is significantly alone in its good fortune. The sad story of Sir John Franklin needs neither repetition nor comment. We have been just freshly reminded of the heart-rending details of Lieut. De Long's terrible sufferings and sad fate, and the tears are scarce dry upon the cheeks of

those who were called more immediately to mourn the calamity to his party. Some in our midst, moreover, may even now be preparing to mourn lost loved ones whose fate is but too uncertain and most deplorably doubtful.

It is a tale of woes similar to those experienced in the Lena Delta three or four years ago; a tale of death endured after horrible privations and untold agonies of mind; a tale of life spared through a thousand threatening dangers, that comes to us from three centuries ago in this poem, and is here told in enthusiastic strains by a countryman of the brave men who so nobly suffered and left so ineffaceable and worthy a record to the world.

S. R. VAN CAMPEN.

GRAMERCY PARK, NEW YORK,
March 22, 1884.

# TRANSLATOR'S NOTE.

HENDRIK TOLLENS, the author of the poem of which a translation is here given, was born in the year 1780, at Rotterdam. No poet enjoyed a greater popularity in his native country, the favor with which he met being due to the happy and attractive measure in which his verse combines the qualities of power and sweetness, no less than to the patriotic fervor and lyric force with which he has depicted numerous striking episodes in the history of the Fatherland.

Among his poems, however, none were more warmly greeted than the one now introduced to the English reader. It was published in 1819, and its enthusiastic reception at that time has been repeated by every successive generation. Every one in Holland knows it by heart, from the school-boy, just beginning to be stirred by the glorious history of the past, to the mature and erudite *savant* in the highest seats of learning. It may be interesting to add that Tollens was also the author of the noble and spirited national hymn of Holland, familiarly

known as the "Wien Neêrlands Bloed." Tollens died in 1856, and his admiring countrymen, soon after his decease, reared to his memory a marble statue, conspicuously placed in the public park of Rotterdam, which was the city not only, as already said, of his birth, but also of his life-long residence.

The translator may be permitted a word as to the reproduction of the poem in an English form. He has endeavored to give a faithful and honest rendering of the original; but, as will be readily admitted, it is in some instances necessary to convey the thought, and catch and pursue the spirit of the original, rather than strictly to follow the words. In some cases liberties had to be taken with the text, to make the production suitable to readers not thoroughly acquainted with matters which are perfectly familiar to the poet's compatriots. With a view to lessen the labor of perusal—if that should prove at all burdensome in the translation—the poem, which is of one continuous piece in the original, has been divided into twelve cantos, under appropriate titles.[1] A few passages of a dozen or more original lines were deemed advisable, which will be found duly indicated and accounted for in note 14, at the end of the volume.

[1] The French translation mentioned in Mr. Van Campen's Preface is divided into four cantos: "The Departure"; "Nova-Zembla"; "The Wintering (*l' Hivernage*)"; and "The Return."

It may be added that the original poem is written in the Dutch heroic metre, the lines being of twelve syllables, or six iambic feet, and rhymed in couplets. The translator deemed that the English heroic, of ten syllables, or five iambic feet, would fairly represent the Dutch metre, and he adopted blank verse as making possible a much more ready and exact rendering of the original; besides, in long poems, the couplet of Pope becomes exceedingly monotonous.

Finally, the translator wishes to state that his aim all along has been to eliminate as much as possible the air of a translation from his production. He has sought to present the Dutch original not only in an English dress (which seems to have been the simple and unpretending desire of his anonymous predecessor, referred to in the Preface), but he has endeavored as far as possible to make an English poem of it. This may have been an attempt too hazardous, and an aim too ambitious. But if he has succeeded to any extent, it is humbly believed that this will have secured the higher and more essential fidelity to the original.

D. V. P.



# HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION.

THAT man should wish to inform himself concerning every portion of the globe whereon he dwells is natural; but these grim northern climes, hidden in snow, barred against intrusion by their frozen seas, seem to have had a strange fascination for him during the last three centuries. Until within a comparatively recent period, however, the objects which have prompted men to Arctic discovery were almost exclusively based on self-interest, or, in other words, were merely incidental in their character. The hope of shortening the passage to "Far Cathay" by sailing to the Northwest or to the Northeast has induced by far the greater number of Arctic expeditions; and the story of these attempts would, in fact—at least until within the last forty years,—constitute the real history of Arctic exploration.

It was with this aim that the three Northern voyages of the Dutch were undertaken toward the end of the sixteenth century, one of which forms the theme of the following poem. These voyages are deservedly ranked

among the most remarkable exploits of that enterprising nation; and the ten months' residence of the adventurous seamen, in the course of the third voyage, at the farthest extremity of the inhospitable region of Nova Zembla, within fourteen degrees of the North Pole, and their homeward journey of upward of seventeen hundred geographical miles in two small open boats, are events full of romantic interest.

Although these essays to shorten the passage to India by sailing North involve incidentally almost the whole work of Holland in the Arctic field, yet in this commendable but futile struggle to force a passage to the East by the northward England has borne a conspicuous part above that of any other country, and as hers was the earliest work, it is impossible not to give it a passing mention in this prefatory survey. Almost from the hour when Columbus promised a way to the East "by the West" England tenaciously held to the possibility of finding a navigable passage in that direction. Nor this only. She willingly employed in the great quest men of foreign birth, for the Venetian Cabots, sailing from Bristol, were the first to attempt a Northwest passage, unless we except the rather indefinite essay of Columbus, made only a little earlier.

Englishmen, it is true, have sought to reach this goal

of early mercantile endeavor by sailing to the northeast. Indeed, some time before Holland awoke to commercial rivalry with England, Sebastian Cabot himself—pensioned and appointed "Grand Pilot" of England after 1548, in recognition of his great services to his adopted country—brought about the despatch of Sir Hugh Willoughby and Richard Chancellor on the first voyage ever projected to discover a Northeast passage; and the same venerable seaman cheered brave Stephen Burrough when, three years later, he sailed on his Northeastern voyage of discovery for the Muscovy Company of London, which resulted in the partial exploration of Nova Zembla and the contiguous coasts and islands; while Pet and Jackman, sailing from Harwich in 158●, for the same company, made a voyage with a like object. Beginning with the expedition of Willoughby in 1553, and ending with the essay of Captain John Wood, in 1676, to discover a passage to India by the Northeast—the latter mainly prompted by the signal hopes which the intervening Dutch Northern voyages had inspired, —the long series of attempts by that course, undertaken with purely commercial aims, practically ceased. Yet it is a noteworthy fact, as applicable to Holland, that brave Henry Hudson, nearly two hundred and eighty years ago, in the employ of the Dutch East India Company,

made the attempt to reach the long-sought goal of Cathay by pushing his way through the ice-clogged waters round Nova Zembla, but, abandoning that enterprise, turned his bark southward, and founded in the New World another Netherland, upon which arose a second Amsterdam.

If, however, the Dutch were not the first in the field of Arctic exploration, it should be remembered that, at the time the English were pushing their way Poleward, in the first attempts to find some new route to the far East, the Netherlanders had graver business before them. When, for instance, Sebastian Cabot was cruising along the American coast, going as far north as latitude 67° 30′, and as far south as the peninsula of Florida, "ever with intent," Hakluyt makes him say, "to find the said passage to India," the sun of maritime and commercial prosperity had not risen over Holland, and the opulent manufacturing Flemings did not greatly push their enterprises seaward. The intolerable tyranny of the brutal Alva, with the consequent transference of the wealth of Bruges and of Antwerp to the banks of the Y and the shores of the Zuyder Zee—in other words, the utter impoverishment of the submissive South at the same time that the North threw off the yoke and emerged with profit from the conflict—all this was necessary to the

development of the maritime greatness of the Dutch provinces.

Again, in the middle of the sixteenth century, when the Merchant Adventurers of London were essaying the inauguration of direct intercourse with Muscovy, *via* the Sea of Kara, and sending out the expeditions of Willoughby and Chancellor, and of stout Stephen Burrough, the Netherlands, with the rest of a magnificent inheritance, were actually passing out of the hands of Charles V. into those of reckless and sanguinary Philip; and about the time of the northern voyages of Sir Martin Frobisher, John Davis, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, and other Elizabethan navigators, the city of Enkhuyzen, destined ere long to lead the way, with Middleburg, in Dutch Arctic enterprise, had just raised the standard of Netherland liberty and, with Hoorn, had captured on the Zuyder Zee the sword of Bossu.

But out of the supreme struggle arose a nation. Holland, toward the close of the century, was ready to engage herself in ocean work, and to compete with her former oppressor for the rich traffic of the East by the way of the North Pole or any route whatever. However, it may be mentioned in this immediate connection, that at the very conjuncture of the voyages of Barents, in which Holland was to prepare a Heemskerck by means

of Arctic service to battle to the death in Spanish waters with the enemy of her people—as England, two centuries later, was to fit a Nelson to efface both France and Spain for generations from the ranks of maritime powers off Cape Trafalgar; demonstrating thus in what way Arctic voyaging may conduce to the formation of a true naval character—the Dutch nation, not withholding their hands from other enterprises, were able to lend material aid to Queen Elizabeth in one of her expeditions against Spain, following up the destruction of the Grand Armada.

But to state the condition of the Netherlands a little more in detail at the particular period in question: The United Provinces, with Holland at their head, were still in the midst of their conflict with Philip II., the head of the Catholic world, as William of Orange was the conceded head of the Protestant world. Elizabeth, who may be said to have succeeded William in this great office after his assassination,—and as if to render the services of Holland to which we have alluded above but the reciprocation of her own ten years before—lent to the Dutch cause the Earl of Leicester, and the brilliant hero Sir Philip Sidney, no less great as a man than as a courtier and scholar, and the latter consecrated it with his blood as William had done by martyrdom. Employing resources such as no other prince of the time possessed,

supported by the greatest captains of the age, and aided by the religious fanaticism of his subjects, Philip II. was nevertheless unable to maintain his hold over the Dutch provinces, which sought to render their land independent of Spain as they had formerly freed it from the sea.

The armies of the little Republic were now led by Maurice, Prince of Orange, son of the martyred William I. The military genius of this young patriot-prince, aided by the political sagacity of the sage, John van Olden Barneveld, made him, in spite of his limited resources, more than a match for the overwhelming hosts of Spain. The incredible swiftness of his marches, the irresistible science of his methods in conducting sieges, enabled him to wrest from the enemy in quick succession a number of strong and important towns ; and by these marvellous operations—being victorious in no less than seventeen campaigns—Maurice became the admiration of all Europe.

Elated though they were by these numerous successes, the woes of warfare weighed with galling effect upon the liberty-loving race and their devoted land : for the Eighty Years' War was not yet half over. But the self-sacrifice and patriotism which had given birth to the Dutch Republic cannot be said to have been without reward ; nor did Netherlanders begrudge the cost. Surely

in these patriots we cannot but recognize our next of kin—for are we not the heirs of the bold thoughts which they were the first to thunder into the ears of monarchical Europe, as well by the mouths of their cannon as by the eloquence of their statesmen; and the liberties which they purchased with their blood have been transmitted to us, either directly or through English forefathers who studied the lessons of independence in their school.

Even in the darkest hours of this long war, the final issue of the conflict—waged thus between the bold spirit and fresh life of liberal ideas and free institutions and the growing decrepitude of superstition and despotism from which Europe was awakening—was seen to be inevitable. In the very midst of war, with the country's resources strained to the utmost for the maintenance of the patriotic struggle, Europe beheld with amazement that Holland was taking her place, and a foremost place, among the commercial and maritime powers of the earth. Her ships had traversed, or were traversing every known and unknown sea. The bold Van Noord, equalling Da Gama's feat of opening up a way round the stormy Cape of Good Hope, sailed through the Straits of Magellan and made the second circuit of the globe. Pushing their adventurous crafts past the coasts of Spain, eluding or defeating her ponderous fleets, Dutch mariners seized

upon her far-off Spice islands, east and west, or discovered and appropriated other tropic isles on which Spaniard or Portuguese had never set foot.

In the train of this ever restless and invincible activity and enterprise, followed attempts at exploration in the Arctic zone. It was believed by the Dutch cosmographers that a good ten thousand miles of voyaging—not to speak of danger from interference of rivals—might be saved could the passage to India be effected by the way of the north ; nor were Hollanders prepared to believe that the possibilities of a Northeast passage had been tested in any true sense by the quickly-abandoned efforts of the English in that direction after failing to find a route by the Northwest. Accordingly, in the year 1593, there was projected by the Dutch the first of "three voyages so strange and woonderful that the like hath neur been heard of before." [1]

It is impossible not to give some account of the first and second of these three voyages, notwithstanding the fact that the poem finds its incidents almost wholly in the third, since the names of the chief participants are associated with them all, and since the third voyage was but the natural corollary of the two previous ones. Engaged in the first undertaking, therefore, were the three

[1] Phillip's translation of De Veer (1609) ; title-page.

westerly provinces of the country; but the towns of Enkhuyzen in the north and Middleburg in the south were the prime movers in the enterprise. Enkhuyzen was represented by the syndic of West Friesland and pensionary of the town, Dr. Francis Maalson, and John Huygen van Linschoten, a native of Haarlem, but resident during the greater part of his youth, and in later life, at Enkhuyzen, and who, by his travels and writings, had done much to inspire his countrymen to compete for the lucrative commerce which had hitherto been engrossed by Spain; while Middleburg had for its moving spirit in this enterprise the eminent Zealand merchant, Balthasar de Moucheron—prompted by the experienced White-Sea trader, Olivier Brunel, to whom and to Moucheron, more than any others, the conception of this undertaking was due; Moucheron, moreover, enlisting the coöperation of other merchants of the province. The necessary permission of the State authorities was obtained, while the enterprise had the willing assistance of the Courts of the Admiralty of the two provinces, who provided for half of the expense, with instructions to attempt the passage into the Sea of Tartary through the Waigats between Nova Zembla and Russia.

Two vessels, of about one hundred tons each, were fitted out and provisioned for eight months. These were

the "Swan" of Ter Veer, in Zealand, under command of Cornelius Corneliuszoon Nai, a burgher of Enkhuyzen, and the "Mercurius" of Enkhuyzen, under command of Brant Ybrantzoon, otherwise Brant Tetgales, a skilful and experienced seaman, with Nicholas Corneliuszoon as his mate; while the accomplished Linschoten was supercargo of the latter ship, and engaged likewise as journalist of the voyage.

But the merchants of Amsterdam, catching the spirit of the Middleburgers and Enkhuyzeners, desired to participate in the enterprise, or rather in their own way to coöperate for the same general end, by sending out a ship. Most influential in enlisting this city had been the efforts of Petrus Plancius, a Flemish refugee and Calvinist divine, a devoted lover of the sciences, and especially well known for his cosmographic and astronomic lore. Plancius prevailed upon the leading merchants of Amsterdam to unite, with the active aid of the Admiralty, in the expedition. A third vessel was accordingly fitted out by Amsterdam, of the same size and character as the other two, and, like Tetgales', was named the "Mercurius," its command being entrusted to William Barents, a burgher of Amsterdam, "a notable, skilfull, and wise pilote," who took with him also a fishing yacht belonging to his native place, Ter Schelling.

On Whitsunday, the 4th June, 1594, the little fleet had assembled at the Texel. Cornelius Nai, of the "Swan," was named admiral or commodore. An agreement was made that the three ships should keep company as far as Kildin on the coast of Lapland, when the Enkhuyzen and Ter Veer vessels should take the course proposed by Maalson by the Waigats ; while that of the Amsterdamers under Barents, following the advice of the learned Plancius, would sail to the north of Nova Zembla, deeming it probable that to the north would be found a more open sea than in the straits, and regarding that route in every way as far the easier and more preferable one. On the following morning the admiral set sail, commanding the others to follow. Having passed the North Cape, the weather was found as warm as in Holland in dog-days, and mosquitoes were exceedingly troublesome. The island of Waigats was covered with verdure, and embellished with every variety of beautiful flowers. The idols seen by Burrough and his men years before were also seen by the Dutch, to the number of three hundred or four hundred. They named that part of the island Afgodenhoek, or Idol Point ; and the Straits of Waigats, which had been legitimately enough baptized with the name of Burrough, these faithful Dutchmen, remembering the house to whom

Holland was so greatly indebted for her liberty and glory, hastened to rename the "Straits of Nassau."

While Barents was pushing his sturdy bark even to the northernmost point of Nova Zembla, and performing the almost miraculous sailing feats which geographers have noted, also withstanding immeasurable difficulties, the admiral's ship passed the straits we have mentioned, pushed its way through the ice into the Sea of Kara, and arrived in an open blue sea from which the Russian coast, trending toward the northeast, was visible. The direction of the coast made them believe that the vessel had passed beyond Cape Tabin, designated by Pliny (then an uncontested authority) as the northern extremity of Asia, and that, therefore, they could from here, by a short voyage, reach the eastern and southern parts of the continent. It was not known that, beyond the Gulf of Obi, Asia still extended for one hundred and twenty degrees within the Polar circle. The supposed facts we have mentioned, the direction of the coast, and the depth and openness of the sea gave our navigators such confident hopes of a passage to Cathay being practicable that, instead of prosecuting their discoveries, they agreed to return to Holland with the happy tidings; while, too, doubts as to their provisions holding out till they could reach so distant a country admonished them that this

course was really expedient. In this politic resolution the commander of the southerly squadron was not alone, for he soon, to his rejoicing, fell in with the baffled voyagers to the "more open sea" of Plancius, who were also returning, and the whole fleet sailed to Holland, arriving at the Dogger-bank on the 14th September, and dispersing from thence to their several ports.

The principal discoveries which resulted from this expedition in particular—much the most important of the three as to number of discoveries—have been carefully enumerated by a revered national authority, Nicholas Godfried Van Kampen, who makes the voyages of Barents the initiatory theme in his important history of the operations of the Dutch without Europe. The names, however, of points, capes, straits, and islands, upon which then for the first time, so far as we have record of observations, the gaze of civilized men rested, have been transferred to the thrilling pages of Motley, and that historian pertinently asks: "Where are Cape Nassau, William's Island, Admiralty Island, Cape Plancius, Black-hook, Cross-hook, Ice-hook, Consolation-hook, Cape Desire, the Straits of Nassau, Maurice Island, Staten Island, Enkhuyzen Island, and many other similar appelations?" We fear the nations whose representatives on the seas have placed upon the chart of the

Nova Zembla and Spitzbergen region the names of Cherie Island and Alderman Freeman's Strait (the Bear Island and Walter Tymans' Strait of the Dutch), Swedish Foreland and Ice Fjord—nay, and Capes Bismark and Petermann,—may be held mainly answerable for this work of cosmographical sacrilege. But Holland's recent labors, going to show that she is determined to assert her presence in the Arctic seas, may do something toward restoring her northern land-marks —nay more, by means of new discoveries she may yet gratify the yearning of one of her distinguished geographers, "to give to some great unnamed spot in those ice-bound regions the designation of 'Prins Hendrik's Land.'"

The reports made by Barents and Linschoten as to the results of this expedition—the latter keeping with the admiral's ship,—differed to a degree not altogether creditable to the over-sanguine supercargo. However, under the stimulus of Linschoten's narrative, the adventurers who fitted out the former expedition, with others who now joined them, determined to despatch in the following year a well-appointed fleet. This, moreover, assumed the importance of a government expedition, having received the sanction and support of the States-General, and being projected, not merely with the hope

of accomplishing the passage to China, which promised so fairly, but also with a view to the establishment of an advantageous trade with that kingdom and the other countries that might be discovered and visited in the course of the voyage.

The fleet consisted of seven ships: two from Enkhuyzen, two from Zeland, two from Amsterdam, and a sort of reporting yacht from Rotterdam. The latter was intended to merely accompany the squadron until it had sailed beyond the suppositious Cape Tabin, when it was to return with the news to Holland. As connected with this expedition we recognize nearly all the names rendered familiar to us by their association with the former voyage. Associated with this Government expedition, however, there are three important additions to the official list—namely, the annalist of these voyages, Gerrit de Veer; the experienced sea-captain, John Cornelisz van der Ryp, supercargo of one of the Zeland ships; and the future hero of Gibraltar, Jacob van Heemskerck. The first of these names, it may be observed, was destined to gain a fame, if of a somewhat different kind, only second, perhaps, to that of the master pilot who constitutes the central figure in his quaint and faithful picture—certainly a literary celebrity which the frank and honest Hollander could never have dreamed of;

and the last, whose name is the most conspicuous one in the poem of Tollens', was to prove himself no less indispensable to the Arctic expeditions he joined than to the nation at large in upholding the honor of the Dutch flag on the seas, and not less undaunted when "battling with the elements in Nova Zembla" than in his combat with the ancient enemy on the Spanish main, "when he dies, Nelson-like, in the arms of his conquering comrades." [1]

On this second voyage Barents went as pilot-major of the fleet, and Linschoten and Heemskerck as principal supercargoes. Linschoten and De la Dale were further appointed as Chief Commissioners on behalf of his Excellency Prince Maurice and the States-General, from whom they received credentials, signed by the celebrated Arsens, of which the following is the confident heading: "Instructions to Jan Huygen van Linschoten and Françoys de la Dale, Chief Commissioners, for the regulation of their conduct in the kingdom of China, and other kingdoms and countries which shall be visited by the ships and yachts destined for the voyage round by the north, through the Vaigats or Strait of Nassau."

This great expedition, however, merely sailed to the entrance of the Sea of Kara and back again, finding the

[1] N. G. Van Kampen: "Vaderlandsche Karakterkunde; of Karakterschetsen van Tydperken en Personen, uit de Nederlandsche Geschiedenis," enz. II., p. 87.

Straits of Waigats all encumbered with ice and a passage through impossible. And the only marvel connected with it is what the historian of the United Netherlands calls the "sublime credulity" which accepted Linschoten's hasty solution of the polar enigma, and made it conclusive with his countrymen; while proceeding so deliberately in lading their ships with broadcloths, linens, and tapestries for the anticipated China trade, as to lose nearly half the summer before weighing anchor in Maas Diep on the morning of Sunday, July 2, 1595. Yet this very ease of flattering self-persuasion was not a trait peculiar to the Hollanders, as the reader may be reminded by a passage in Froude's essay on "England's Forgotten Worthies." "There was no nation so remote," observes this acute living writer, "but what some one or other was found ready to undertake an expedition there, in the hope of opening a trade; and, let them go where they would, they were sure of Elizabeth's countenance. We find letters written by her, for the benefit of nameless adventurers," in the same era which marks the stupendous faith of the Dutch navigators, "to every potentate of whom she had ever heard—to the Emperor of China, Japan, and India, the Persian 'Sofee,' and other unheard of Asiatic and African princes; whatever was to be done in England, or by English-

men, Elizabeth assisted when she could, and admired when she could not."

The Netherlanders did, however, effect a landing on the coast of Tartary, and such geographical information as could be derived from such a source was imparted to the confident voyagers by wandering Samoyedes. They also had some startling *rencontres* with bears, and when twenty valiant Dutchmen fail to overcome one single ferocious inhabitant of those wilds (two of their fellows meanwhile being eaten alive), these Arctic explorers knew how to reinforce their numbers (by ten additional men) and compass his destruction. And the practical summing of the results of this expedition by Van Kampen is, that they "bore his skin in triumph to Amsterdam."

Nothing more humiliating could have happened than the way this promising if somewhat pretentious expedition turned out to discourage polar voyaging on the part of the Dutch; and it did have the effect to cause the Government to withdraw, with this single attempt, from Arctic enterprise. The States-General, however, closed worthily the public record in this respect by offering a reward of 25,000 florins to any navigator who should accomplish the voyage to China by the desired route, and a proportionate sum to those whose efforts might be deemed commendable, even though not crowned with success.

Yet, with respect to this expedition, it is but just to say that these worthy Hollanders did not return without putting on record a memorable protest, which shows that they did not lightly estimate the responsibilities imposed upon them as servants of the Republic, nor willingly relinquish their hopes of reaching their intended goal. It speaks well for the conscious purity of motive and integrity of conduct which marked the enterprises of the Netherlanders in those days, when men could thus express themselves: "The Admirals, Captains, and Pilots, consulting together as to what is best and most advantageous to be done and undertaken in respect to the voyage which they have commenced round by the North toward China, Japan, etc.; and they having maturely and most earnestly considered and examined the subject, and also desiring strictly to carry out, as far as is practicable and possible, the instructions of His Excellency and the Lords the States, for the welfare and preservation of the ships, their crews, and merchandise. It is found that they have all of them hitherto done their utmost duty and their best, with all zeal and diligence, not fearing to hazard and sometimes to put in peril the ships and their own persons (whenever need required it) in order to preserve their honor in every thing, and so as to be able with a clear conscience to answer for the same

to God and the whole world. But inasmuch as it has pleased the Lord God not to permit it on the present voyage, they find themselves most unwillingly compelled, because of the time that has elapsed, to discontinue the same navigation for this time. * * * Protesting before God and the whole world, that they have acted in this matter as they wish, God may act in the salvation of their souls, and as they hope and trust cannot be contradicted by any of those who have accompanied them," etc. It is clear, however, that Barents did not himself cheerfully sign even this paper, but rather desired to go on.

Baron Nordenskiöld, however, comes to the defence of the Dutch voyagers in the following positive language: "While this expedition did not yield any new contribution to the knowledge of our globe, it deserves to be noted that we can state with certainty, with the knowledge we now possess of the ice-conditions of the Kara Sea, that the Dutch, during both their first and second voyages, had the way open to the Obi and Yenisei. If they had availed themselves of this, and continued their voyage till they came to inhabited regions on either of these rivers, a considerable commerce would certainly have arisen between Middle Asia and Europe by this route as early as the beginning of the seventeenth century." [1]

[1] "The Voyage of the 'Vega,'" vol. II., pp. 244, 245.

Happily for the credit of Dutch pertinacity, there still existed a faithful few, like Barents, Plancius, and Heemskerck, who adhered firmly to the conviction that spirited enterprise, persevered in, would speedily be crowned with success. Moreover, the Government itself, as we have seen, unwilling altogether to relinquish the hope of yet achieving a passage, and aware of the benefits that must accrue to the State from fostering a maritime spirit among the people by distant voyaging, offered a specific and liberal reward to such persons as should accomplish the desired end.

We now come to the enterprise which furnishes the main incidents of the poem. The merchants of Amsterdam were thus encouraged to organize, early in the year 1596, a third expedition. It consisted of only two vessels, the names and tonnage of which are not cited. Jacob van Heemskerck—"the man who ever steered his way through ice or iron" (according to his epitaph)—was again supercargo and nominal commander of one of the vessels; William Barents being chief pilot of the same ship, and John Cornelisz van der Ryp captain and superintendent of the other. With Heemskerck and Barents sailed also Gerrit de Veer. Select crews, as far as possible of unmarried men, were secured for the enterprise, and the expedition was thus got in order for despatch, through which—

"Holland's flag shall show the dangerous way
To wondering Europe."

One lesson was learned from the previous expedition, which admonished them not to delay their departure till too late. These two vessels got away in good season; for, as early as the 5th of May, the men of both ships were mustered, and on the 10th they sailed from Amsterdam, reaching the Vlie at the island of Texel on the 13th. The 16th they set sail out of the Vlie, but the unfavorable state of the tide and a strong northeast wind compelled them to put back again, when Ryp's ship ran aground on a treacherous bar. This furnished ominous misgivings enough for the outset of an enterprise of this kind; but the delay, if vexatious, was not for long, and on the 18th the ships successfully put out again to sea, sailing northwest. On the 22d May they sighted Fair Island, between the Orkney and Shetland Isles. Sailing now to the northeast, they made the first use, according to De Veer, of "our cross-staffe," by which they took the sun's zenith distance, and also put on record for the first time their latitude, showing them to be in 69° 24′ N.

On the 1st June the voyagers reached so high a latitude that they had no night; on the 4th, sailing still northeast, "and when," to quote the narrative, "the sunne was about south southeast, ½ past 9 A. M., we saw

a wonderful phenomenon in the heavens: for on each side of the sunne there was another sunne, and two rainbows more, passing at a distance round about the sunnes, right through the great circle; the great circle standing with its lower edge elevated above the horizon 28 degrees. At noon, the sunne being at the highest, the height thereof was measured, and we found by the astrolabium that it was elevated above the horizon 48 degrees and 43 minutes; his declination was 22 degrees and 17 minutes, the which being added to 48 degrees 43 minutes, it was found that we were under 71 degrees of the height of the Pole."

With a minuteness of narration fairly illustrated by the passage quoted above, the worthy chronicler takes us through some two hundred closely-printed octavo pages in the translation, when relating the adventures, perilous or otherwise, of the next seventeen months. But he dwells with little more particularity on the death of Barents than when noting an observation of the sun, or, perchance, recounting many a trivial incident which, however, only goes to show the faithfulness of the narrative.[1]

[1] It may be here observed that William Phillip's translation of De Veer (first published in 1609), which even adds quaintness to the ancient Dutch, would be many times very misleading had it not itself been translated, so to speak, in the learned and pains-taking edition of Dr. Charles T. Beke. Dr. Beke's edition, with an extended introduction by the learned editor, but besides this whose labors are evident on every page, was first published in 1853, by the Hakluyt Society, while a second

At this point, when, as De Veer states, they "had the North Cape in sight," though some two hundred and forty miles to the seaward, a diversity of opinions arose as to the route best to be taken. Eventually the course to which Barents inclined, and which had the recommendation of Plancius, was chosen, the special concern of both Barents and Ryp being to keep clear of the fatal, ice-clogged Straits of Waigats. Though this was accomplished, the chief pilot, "not being able with many hard words" to avoid doing so, yielded to the suasion of Ryp so far as to take a course more directly to the north than he had himself designed. This brought them presently upon numerous icebergs, first seen on June 5th, and taken for the moment for immense flocks of "white swannes" swimming toward the ship. Not so harmless an illusion did this prove to be, as the experience of the next four days in particular attested. But they managed to elude the constantly threatening danger, guiding their ship in safety amid the moving pack. In latitude 70° they "found so great store of ice that it was admirable"; it was as if they had passed "betweene two lands," the

edition of the same, giving also an introduction by Lieut Koolemans Beynen, supplying some results of later researches, was published in 1876; and the Hakluyt Society deserve the thanks of English readers for having given to the lettered communities of Europe and America this elaborate and valuable work on these celebrated voyages. For the loan of a copy of the latter edition, moreover, from the well-stocked library of the American Geographical Society, the writer desires to express his sincere obligations to the courteous Librarian of that Society.

water being "greene as grasse," which led our navigators now to think that they were near Greenland.

On the 9th June, in latitude 74° 30′ N., they came to a small island, which they thought to be about twenty miles in circumference, and which presented to view nothing but steep, pointed cliffs. To this they gave the name of Bear Island—so baptized from their contest of two hours' duration with a huge polar bear, the successful killing and flaying of which rendered it an event worthy, perhaps, of being thus signalized. In the neighborhood of this island they spent four days and made two landings.

Leaving Bear Island on the 13th the two ships bore northerly, with some easting; on the 18th land was sighted again, and on the 19th June the navigators reached, according to their reckoning, latitude 80° 11′ N., where they perceived the land to be "very great." Barred against further passage northward, as it would seem, they now sailed "westward along by it" till they were under 79°, and here, on the longest day of the year, they cast anchor. To this newly discovered land, whose jagged and precipitous peaks are clad in eternal snows, where intensest winter holds almost perpetual reign, and the sun is hidden for four months of the year beneath the horizon, they subsequently gave the appropriate and vernacular name of Spitzbergen.

In regard to the latitude 80° 11′ noted above, some doubts have been expressed as to the accuracy of the calculation; Professor Moll, in particular, an eminent national authority of fifty years ago, doubting it, owing, as he considers, to the defective nature of the instruments employed. Dr. Beke, however, shows it to be rather an error in reckoning (here and in some other instances), placing the navigators himself in latitude 79° 49′ N., while commending Barents generally for his extraordinary accuracy. In any event, this was not only the now universally conceded discovery of Spitzbergen, but it was the highest latitude, so far as known, attained down to that time by civilized men.[1]

Along this land they coasted until the 29th June, making numerous discoveries and occasional landings. They were perplexed at certain features of the island, lying thus several degrees north of Nova Zembla, yet revealing animals associated with the presence of vegetation; while in Nova Zembla they had found on the first voyage a country so totally bald and barren. Here in this new land were existing in harmonious companionship numerous deer and reindeer, white

[1] Hessel Gerritsz, in his "Histoire du Pays, nommé Spitsbergen" (1613), assumes to give a portion of the log of Barents. In this "log" the date on which the highest latitude was attained is put down as June 17th, but the latitude is given as 80° 10′ N., which bears out, practically, De Veer's statement in this respect.

bears, walruses, and seals. Rowing up a wide inlet, they came upon great numbers of wild geese sitting on their eggs, which they found to be the same geese, we are told, that were in the habit of visiting Holland every summer, but until now it had not been discovered where they laid and hatched their eggs. The high latitude gave them, day and night, the sun, whose oblique rays, however, were insufficient to convey warmth to the ever-frozen ground, so that the presence of so many deer merited remark. But the sea was only richer in living creatures than the land; nowhere else, indeed, did the cetacean tribe or seals and walruses attain such an enormous size; and the abundance of those creatures in the Spitzbergen waters afforded, years afterward, a source of no little controversy between the Dutch and English fishermen.

They were now on the west coast of the island; with a view of extricating themselves from the ice which was rapidly closing about them, the vessels were steered southward from Spitzbergen toward Bear Island, which was reached again on the 1st of July. Here Ryp separated from Heemskerck and Barents, asserting his determination to sail northward "beyond the 80th parallel," for "hee was of opinion," says De Veer, "that there hee should find a passage through." Barents, meanwhile, as

stoutly maintained that the coveted passage must lie to the east of Spitzbergen and north of Nova Zembla, and accordingly sailed in that direction—or, as De Veer says, "they sayling northward and *wee* southward, because of the ice, the wind being east south-east"; thus showing withal that, on parting company with Ryp, the diarist of these voyages could henceforth record only what took place with the Barents and Heemskerck ship.

Bidding adieu to Ryp, it may be observed that opinions are at variance as to whether that captain steered along the west, or went north along the east, coast; but the result of the latest researches would lead to the conclusion that he returned to about the point in 80° N. latitude, where he and Barents had been together. Dr. Beke's opinion, also, "that nothing worthy of remark can have occurred to him, or otherwise it could not have failed to be recorded," seems to be fully borne out by the latest investigation. We may therefore conclude that he found further passage interrupted by that ice-barrier now known to yearly obstruct the sea north of Spitzbergen, and so giving up the search returned to Holland.

Though, no doubt, Ryp's and Barents' parties were equally anxious to make the discovery, it may be said that, by separating, they stood a better chance of realiz-

ing the object of the expedition, though increasing, perhaps, the individual peril. Barents lost no time in proceeding to follow out his theory; but the somewhat irregular course he was forced to make, brought him, on the 17th July, instead of north of Nova Zembla, against the northwest coast, in latitude 74° 40′. Here, abruptly turning the prow of his sturdy vessel northward, he followed along the coast, groping his way amid icebergs and detained by fogs. On the 19th July, ice and wind opposed his further progress; in all directions the sea was covered as with floating mountains. At length, the ice having opened so as to allow of a little progress being made, they had been able to reach Cross Island, where they were forced to come to anchor. On this spot during the first voyage had been erected two high wooden crosses, with triple bars, as sacred emblems of their faith, wherefrom they had baptized the dreary islet with that appropriate name. Next day, anchoring under the island as near as they could get, they put out a boat, manned by eight of their fellows. Proceeding to one of the crosses they rested a while, and then sought to visit the other,—when lo! two hoary worshippers are there, and, rearing, stand erect as if to defend themselves and the cross against these new intruders. "We had little desire to laugh," says De Veer, "and in all haste went to our

boate again." But Skipper Heemskerck forbade a too precipitate retreat, saying this would be death to all. "The first man who shall runne away, I will thrust this boat-hook into his hide," said the future hero of Gibraltar. But the adventure, after all, proved a harmless one, and they soon "had the lysure to tell their fellows thereof."

On the 21st July they took the sun, finding their latitude to be 76° 15′ N., and the variations of the compass 26 degrees; next day, say these Dutch pilgrims to the Arctic, "we set up another cross and made our marks thereon." They were now freed from the ice, at least temporarily, and on the 6th August weathered Cape Nassau, gradually making their way northward, hugging the land in order the better to shun the ice. Next day they reached Cape Consolation (*Troost-hoek*), "which," says the narrator, "we had much longed for."

Again were they beset by icebergs, which towered above them in threatening forms like tottering pinnacles, —some grounded and stationary, some drifting fearfully and endangering the ship. On the 10th they made fast to one of these which was aground; but in the evening, just as they had eaten their supper, there were heard horrible and ominous sounds, when with one grand crash the vast iceberg burst into innumerable fragments. For

days they were encountering these dangers and obstacles, tossing about in mist alternating with blinding snow-storms, running the gauntlet of icebergs shooting their sharp cones heavenward like turreted wall or cathedral spire. However, a little progress was made withal, and on the 13th July, under almost the northernmost point of Nova Zembla, they anchored again to a floating block of ice off a point which they named Little Ice Cape,—Great Ice Cape being reached and rounded the following day.

This was familiar ground to Barents from the discoveries of the first voyage, and he and his companions had been anticipating the arrival here anxiously and hopefully. They looked upon it as signifying, they trusted, in a double sense, a turning-point in their perilous journey, which hitherto had been but one continued battle with polar conditions; yet, whether bears or icebergs, these were now becoming familiar to them. They thought, having reached the extremity of the island, that the passage would now be less obstructed, and indeed that open water would soon greet their vision. They had never heard of the Gulf Stream, so could have formed no fanciful theory of sailing poleward or to India in the current of this warm ocean river which courses with mighty force round Nova Zembla. But Barents

was possessed with an intuitive feeling—a belief amounting almost to a religion—that a passage existed, and that he had only to persevere with true Dutch determination to find it. Unfortunately, the dissolving influences of this mighty current are unable to cope with the formidable ice masses which are ever succeeding one another in this frozen region, and hence its melting power is overcome, so that our mariners were rather endangered than benefited by the presence of this mysterious stream.

The experiences of the next two days—the 15th and 16th August—alone marked almost epochs in this eventful voyage. On the former they reached the Island of Orange, a precious landmark with these devoted Hollanders, as the name with which Barents had previously christened it would indicate. But on his part it awoke memories of a peculiar kind and not unmixed with disappointment, as it recalled the visit of two years before; for it was from this point, states Gerrit de Veer, that, "after he [Barents] had taken all that paine, and finding that he could hardly get through to accomplish and ende his intended voyage, his men also beginning to bee weary and would saile no further, they all together agreed to returne back again." But more than this. They were here so inclosed by vast drifting masses of ice that they

were in imminent danger of losing their ship, and it was only after the greatest labor and care that they actually reached the island,—encountering here, too, the omnipresent bear, which engages them in an amusing contest.

From their ice-anchorage off this island it was proposed, on the second day, to spy out the country, seeing that they were now on the extreme northern verge of Nova Zembla, and a party of ten men "rowed to the firm land." Here climbing to the top of a high hill they found the land extending far southeast and south, and though not wholly gratified at the fact of its extending so far southward, yet when they perceived a little more to the east "open water" as far as the eye could reach, they "were much comforted again, thinking" says De Veer, "that wee had woon our voyage, and knew not how wee should get soon enough on boord to certifie William Barents thereof."

But this gratifying illusion was destined soon to be dispelled. Alas! the passage to Cathay was far from being discovered yet; nor would it disclose itself to men of Maurice's time, if ever a poleward route to the far East would in reality be found. Herculean efforts were made to reach the open sea which presaged such speedy success to our struggling navigators. But untold obstacles baffled them at every point. The "mighty current of

the streame," which they had now come to recognize, drove the ice violently down against the ship, threatening them with the loss of anchor and cables ; but they thank God for another deliverance and take new courage. On the 19th of August they passed the Cape of Desire— "whereby they were once again in good hope." This proved, however, to be not well grounded, for they had not sailed far before they were forced back again by the ice, and for the moment held prisoners near the cape so significantly named.

On the 21st August they "sailed" says Gerrit De Veer, "a great way into the Ice Haven, and that night ankered therein." But they little thought that this would prove so ill-fated a harbor, and that strive as they would, they were destined to a long and dreary imprisonment therein. Next day they were encouraged by the stream and the movement of the ice to push out again in their effort to reach the open sea or find a passage. This was another vain attempt. On the 23d they were forced back by the contrary current to Ice Haven, again barely escaping shipwreck, and but to encounter in that horrible open harbor a tempestuous gale which there overtook them. The ice towered in mountains about them, and their boat was broken in pieces between the ship and the floating masses.

By the 25th August the high hopes of a few days before had entirely vanished. Having sailed by Nova Zembla and found no passage by which they could hope to reach their intended goal, they thought to turn back ; besides in those regions the summer was already at an end. But instead of returning the way they had come, they thought to effect their retreat by sailing southward and westward, and so through the Straits of Waigat's home. Retreat in this direction was in vain. Hardly had they got out of Ice Haven—"where" to quote De Veer's words, "they were forced, in great cold, poverty, misery, and grief to stay all that winter"—when they were again barred by the impenetrable pack against any passage southward and forced to return. Fertile in resource and still undaunted, these Hollanders now (August 26th) determined to sail back to Cape Desire, to round Nova Zembla on the north, and thus retreat by a route already familiar to their pilot. But alas! here too were they baffled. When they had barely got past the luckless harbor, sailing the other way, the ice impelled by the resistless current, drove down in fearful force upon the ship, so that they were completely encompassed by it, finding it impossible to move either forward or backward. Three of their men barely escaped with their lives in the fruitless endeavor of making a way for the

ship among the floes, the block of ice upon which they were standing in their efforts happening for the moment to separate from it. But they were fortunately rescued and for this deliverance thanks went up again from pious hearts.

Thus had they become imprisoned, lost in an Arctic solitude, surrounded by dense fogs, almost without hope, not knowing whither to turn, and every moment in imminent danger of being crushed under the mountains of ice that groaned and thundered about the ship. This, too, behaved like a very thing of life. "During the remaining days of August," says Mr. Motley, "the ship struggled almost like a living creature with the perils that beset her; now rearing in the air, her bows propped upon mighty blocks, till she absolutely sat erect upon her stern, now lying prostrate on her side, and anon righting again as the ice masses would for a moment float away and leave her breathing-space and room to move in. A blinding snow-storm was raging the while, the ice was cracking and groaning in all directions, and the ship was shrieking, so that the medley of awful sights and sounds was beyond the power of language."

But the terrible struggle was soon over. By the 1st September the ship had become hopelessly fast,—at least for that year, if ever the nameless craft would float again.

With that philosophic resignation, therefore, which accepts and prepares to adjust itself to the most desperate situations when these are not avoidable, the hapless voyagers calmly set about making preparations against the long, dayless winter so near at hand.

One only chance of safety remained to them,—to now follow mainly the Dutch historian cited early in this sketch,—or rather a means of delaying death: they were near the coast of Nova Zembla; they could abandon the ship, and attempt to pass the winter in that desolate island. It was a desperate resolution, requiring not less courage than to remain on board; but at least they could have action, struggle, a new form of danger. After some hesitation they left the ship and landed on the island.

It was uninhabited; none of the northern races had ever set foot upon it; it was a desert of snow and ice, beaten by wind and sea, upon which the sun but rarely let fall a fugitive ray, without warmth or cheer. Nevertheless the poor shipwrecked men sent up a shout of joy when their feet touched the land, and knelt down in the snow to give thanks to Providence. They set to work at once to build a shelter. There was not a tree on the island; but by good fortune they found a quantity of floating wood brought by the sea from the continent. They went to work, returned to the ship, and brought

away planks and beams, nails, pitch, boxes, and casks ; planted the beams in the ice with all due ceremony, made a roof of what had been the deck, hung up their hammocks, lined the walls with sails, stopped up the holes with pitch. But as their work went on they suffered in unheard-of ways, and were in constant danger. The cold was so great that when they put nails in their mouths they froze there, and could only be taken out by tearing the flesh and filling the mouth with blood. White bears, wild with hunger, assailed them furiously among the ice, around their cabin, even in the interior of the ship, and obliged them to leave their labor in order to defend their lives. The earth was frozen so hard that it had to be broken with a pick like stone. Around the vessel the water was frozen to a depth of three and a half fathoms. The beer was solid in its casks, and had lost all flavor ; and the cold increased daily.

At last they succeeded in rendering their cabin habitable, and were sheltered from the snow and wind. They lighted a fire, which they kept blazing, and were able to sleep a few hours at a time when not wakened by the howls of the wild beasts that lingered about the cabin. They fed their lamps with the fat of the bears, which they killed through the cracks of the walls ; they warmed their hands in the bleeding bowels ; they made coverings

of the skins, and they ate foxes, and herrings, and biscuits from the ship's stores. Meantime the cold increased. Food and drink were frozen hard even when placed close to the fire. The poor sailors burned their hands and feet without feeling any heat.

To all these calamities one more was added. On the 4th of November they awaited sunrise in vain ; the sun appeared no more ; the polar night had begun. Then these iron men felt their courage fail them ; and Barents, concealing his anguish as best he could, had to spend all the eloquence that he possessed in persuading them not to give way to despair. But the moon at stated periods lent her pale radiance day and night, and relieved the impenetrable gloom. The bears happily disappeared with the sun ; they were replaced by vast numbers of white foxes, and these, when entrapped, furnished staple materials for both food and raiment. But the cold became, if possible, more intense, fuel began to grow scarcer, and the wood found upon the shore was thrown upon the fire with regret. One night—on December 7th,—when the wood had become exhausted, having brought some sea-coal from the ship, they made a big fire ; for once they thought to be comfortable. After the fire had become a mass of living embers, to stop out the cold they hermetically closed the cabin, chimney

and crevice, when lo! they were within a hair's-breadth of dying of suffocation. Now were they forced to brave once more that awful cold, which, however, in this instance became their savior.

The 19th December brought to the party the consolation that, at all events, one half of the long night had passed, and that awakening day would disclose to their eager gaze fresh sources of sustenance, and possibly of escape. True to their national characteristics, they observed with due festivity Twelfth Night, or Three Kings' Eve. This periodic interval, consecrated to mirthful indolence, was fully honored in the midst of their suffering. The ice-girt prison which held them as in bonds must needs restrain their freedom, at least as long as they had been thus far confined; but this was not accepted as a sufficient reason for abstinence from enjoyable frolic. Accordingly they drew lots as to which of them should wear the crown of Nova Zembla, drank to the new sovereign in bumpers of wine—which from their scanty store had been reserved for this occasion,—tossed the pancake with the prescribed ceremonies, and made the barren realm of the snow-monarch ring again with the sound of human mirth and jollity. "We were as happy," says Gerrit De Veer, with pathetic simplicity, "as if we were having a splendid banquet at home. We

imagined ourselves in our fatherland with all our friends, so much did we enjoy our repast." At other times they played cards, told stories, gave toasts to the glory of Maurice, and talked about their families. Every day they sang psalms together, kneeling on the ice, their faces lifted to the stars. Sometimes the aurora borealis broke the great darkness which surrounded them, and then they came forth from their cabin, running along the shore, greeting with tender gratitude the fugitive light as a promise of salvation.

According to the computation of Barents, the sun should reappear on the 9th of February. He was wrong. On the morning of the 24th of January, exactly at a moment when they had reached the depths of sadness and discouragement, Heemskerck, De Veer, and another visiting the shore, saw to their great delight the disk of the sun in the horizon ; they returned with the joyful news to their companions. Barents was incredulous, and scouted it as impossible ; he was not prepared for the anomalous refraction peculiar to that latitude, which had so disturbed his calculations. But the fact was fully verified two days later, when one of them, opening the door, saw an extraordinary light, gave a shout, called his companions, and all went out of the cabin. There in the east the sky was illuminated with a clear radiance ; the

moon was pale, the air limpid, the summits of the rocks and mountains tinged with rose; the dawn at last, the sun, life, the benediction of God, and the hope of once more seeing their country after three months of darkness and anguish! For a few moments they stood silent and pensive, overcome by emotion; then they broke into cries and tears, embraced each other, waved their ragged caps, and made those horrid solitudes resound with accents of prayer and joyful shouts. But their joy was brief. They looked in each other's faces, and were filled with terror and pity one for the other. Cold, sleeplessness, hunger, and anguish of spirit had so consumed and changed them that they were unrecognizable. And their sufferings were not yet over. In that same month the snow fell in such abundance that the cabin was almost completely buried, and they were obliged to go in and out by the opening of the chimney. As the cold diminished and daylight came, the bears reappeared, and the danger, the sleepless nights, the fierce combats began again. Their strength declined, and their hearts, a little lifted, fell once more.

One slight thread of hope, however, remained to them. The thought of getting their vessel out of the ice and making it seaworthy being in vain, they had brought ashore a boat and a shallop; and little by little, always

defending their lives against the bears, which attacked them even on the threshold of their hut, they had succeeded in repairing them. With these two small boats they intended to try and reach one of the small Russian ports, by running along the northern coast of Nova Zembla and Siberia, and crossing the White Sea; to make, in short, a voyage of at least four hundred German miles. During the whole month of March the variable weather kept them between hope and despair, when thoughts of home filled heroic minds. More than ten times had they seen the sea cleared of ice up to the shore, and had made ready to depart; and as many times a great increase of cold had again piled up the ice and shut them in.

At last, early in June, they were able to make ready to sail. The hour of departure being imminent, Barents, despite his illness, drew up, on the 13th, a small scroll, and put it in a powder-horn and fastened it to the chimney of the hut; while Heemskerck penned a more minute relation of their adventures, a copy of which was placed in each of the boats. On the morning of the 14th June, with beautiful weather, and the open sea on every side, after nearly ten months' sojourn in that fearful place, they set sail toward the continent. In two open boats, exhausted by protracted sufferings, they went to brave the

furious winds, the long rains, the mortal cold, the whirling ice-fields of that immense and terrible sea, where it seemed a desperate enterprise even to venture with a fleet. For a long time during the voyage they had to repulse the attacks of the white bears; now they suffered from hunger; now fed on birds, which they killed with stones, and on eggs found on the desolate shore; they hoped and despaired; they were cheerful or they wept, sometimes bewailing themselves that they had abandoned Nova Zembla, sometimes invoking the tempest and praying for death. Often had they to drag their boats over fields of ice; to tie them down lest they should be carried away by the wind; to gather themselves together in a close group in the midst of the snow in order to resist the cold; to call to each other through the dense fog or, perchance, hold together in the fear of being scattered and lost, and at times to gather courage from each other's touch.[1]

Graphic as is this picture of those awful trials, we know but too well from accounts of Arctic experiences in modern days that it is not overdrawn. But all did not resist such tremendous draughts upon their strength.

[1] Van Kampen, as given in De Amicis' "Holland and its People." The Italian writer, however, having allowed some historical inaccuracies to creep into his rendering or adaptation, these have been corrected, and something more. Hence it was not practicable to put the extracts in quotations.

Already two of their number had died—the carpenter as early as September 23d; and they had just returned from giving the other Christian burial in the snow, suffering from intensest cold, on the day when the sun reappeared. Barents himself had been long ill when he embarked, and could not walk. He felt, after a few days, his end approaching, and warned his companions. On the 16th June, only two days after their departure from Ice Haven, they had weathered the Cape of Desire and were nearing Cape Consolation—landmarks, as has been well said, on their desolate journey, whose nomenclature suggests the immortal apologue so familiar to Anglo-Saxon ears. Off Ice Cape the two boats came near to each other, and Skipper Heemskerck called out to William Barents to ask how he did. "Very well," replied Barents, with seeming cheerfulness, "I hope to be on my legs again before we get to Ward-huis." Then said the sick man to De Veer: "Gerrit, if we are near the Ice Point, just lift me up again. I must see that Point once more."

It afforded, doubtless, no small satisfaction to the dying navigator to behold for the fourth time that northernmost point of Nova Zembla, the centre of his many discoveries, and notwithstanding his courageous talk, he knew probably but too well that he now saw it for the last time. Yet while tossing about in his open boat

along those frozen shores, too weak to sit upright, reduced to a mere shadow by the sufferings of that horrible winter, Barents had kept up his spirits, and maintained that he would still, with God's help, perform his destined task. In his next attempt he would steer north-east from the North Cape, he said, and so discover the passage.

But the end was at hand. On the 20th June, while the hero was indulging in all these seeming high hopes, the boatswain of the other boat came on board and said that Claas Andriesz had begun to be extremely sick, and would not hold out much longer. Whereupon Barents spoke up, saying: "Methinks with me too it will not last long"—but let the faithful annalist relate the scene. "We did not judge William Barents to be so sick," says he "for we sat talking one with the other, and spoke of many things, and William Barents looked at my little chart which I had made of our voyage, and we had some discussion about it, at last he laid the chart away and spake unto me, saying, 'Gerrit, give me to drink'; and he had no sooner drunk than he was taken ill with so sudden a tremour, that he turned his eyes and died presently." Barents had died so suddenly, indeed, that they had no time to call Heemskerck to come from the other boat. De Veer adds: "The death of William Barents put us

in no small discomfort, as being the chiefe guide and onely pilot on whom we reposed ourselves next under God ; but we could not strive against God, and therefore we must perforce be content."

Thus the hero, the moving spirit, the genius of these memorable voyages was no more ! Life left him, it may be said, as he was examining a map ; his arm fell stiffly in the act of pointing out the distant land, and his last words were in reality those of encouragement and counsel. Fitting was it, too, that this first true poleward voyager should be laid to rest amid the scenes of his grand discoveries.

In association with the name of Barents, we cannot know too well or too accurately the facts concerning his labors here. Let us therefore revert briefly to his "storied scroll." De Veer states that, on the 13th June, Heemskerck and others, seeing that there was open water and a fair wind, had advised Barents that it would be wise to get their boats down to the shore and take their departure—then the diarist says : "And William Barents had previously written a small scroll, and placed it in a bandoleer and hanged it up in the chimney, showing how we came out of Holland to saile to the kingdome of China, and what had happened unto us, being there on land, with all our crosses, that if any man chanced

to come thither, they might know what had happened unto us, how we had fared, and how we had been forced in our extremity to build that house, and had dwelt 10 months therein. And for that we were now forced to put to sea in two small open boats, and to undertake a dangerous and adventurous voyage in hand ; the skipper also wrote two letters, which most of us subscribed unto * * * of which letters each boat had one," etc. In order to perfectly understand the facts, therefore, it may be said—we have only to take De Veer literally at his word.[1]

[1] Nearly all writers upon this subject hitherto have erroneously alluded to Barents as having, previous to the departure of the party from Nova Zembla, drawn up "a tripple record of the voyage" ; one copy of which being fastened to the chimney of the house, and one placed in each of the boats. Fortunately we are now enabled to correct this very natural error. Writers have taken De Veer at his word as they supposed ; but for want of the positive knowledge which now exists, they did not carefully distinguish between the "small scroll" (*clyne cedelken*), penned by Barents—which, as it turns out, was almost literally sketched by De Veer, in the passage quoted above—and the *two* "letters" (*brieven*) which the "skipper," or in other words Heemskerck, drew up, of which De Veer gives a copy (too lengthy for quoting here), and to which, as he says, most of them subscribed. It has naturally been supposed that the record left in the deserted house was the same as the document entrusted to the boats and given formally by De Veer, and that Barents penned them all because of the statement with which De Veer starts out. The latter document, however, was clearly penned by Heemskerck.

But thanks to the extraordinary discovery of Mr. Charles L. W. Gardiner, who in 1876 recovered the final relics of the winter house at Ice Haven, and to the skill of the Royal Archivist at the Hague, we are enabled to give the contents of the "scroll" which Barents drew up and left in the powder-horn, June 13, 1597, supplying parenthetically such words as were lost. The "scroll," as may be readily comprehended, was, when turned over to the Archivist, a mere handful of pulp. The contents, translated, are as follows: "So (we) were sent (out) from (Burgomaste)rs of Am(ster)dam An(no) 1(596) in order to sai(l) by the (N)orth to the

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But if the struggling crews—now, after June 20th, reduced to thirteen men—had no longer their beloved and trusted pilot to inspire them and give them counsel, there remained to them the brave Heemskerck ; and the skill and judgment with which he conducted the remarkable homeward journey, exposed for over forty days to the extremities of cold, famine, sickness, and fatigue, was well worthy of the noble qualities he afterward displayed on a grander stage, and entitled him to rank only second in their regard and veneration.

In the Bay of St. Lawrence they met, it may be imagined with what joy, a Russian bark, which gave them some provisions, some wine, and lime-juice, a remedy against scurvy, from which several of the sailors were suffering, and which speedily cured them. They coasted along Siberia, and met other Russian vessels more and

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countries of China, so th(at) we after great trouble and no (small) danger are come round the West of Nov(a Zembla) intending yet also to sail (along) by the coast of Tarter(y) to the aforesaid countries, (and are fin)ally come on this plac(e) on the 26th Augus(t in the year) above men(tioned) where our (ship, after we had) so bravely exerted ourselves, (at last) became fast in (the) ice. And we have (moreover in) this emergency been compelled to build a h(ous)e (to) preserve our lives therei(n) through the winter if possible from cold. Lived in the house from the—12—October anno—1596—all the whole winter through till—13 (Jun)e when our ship still lay pinched all fast in (the ice) with our boat and yawl sa(iled) from here in order that we might come home again. Our God will grant us safe voyage, and bring us with good health in our fatherland. Amen.

" Wil(li)am Barents.
" Ja(cob) Heemskerck."

(See Note 13 on the recovery of the Barents Relics at the end of this volume.)

more frequently, from them receiving fresh provisions and thus gradually restoring their strength ; some Russian fishermen recognizing Heemskerck and De Veer, having seen them on their previous voyage. On the 13th August they reached the entrance of the White Sea. Here a dense fog separated the two boats, but both weathered Cape Kanin Nos, and, favored by the wind, made one hundred and twenty miles in thirty hours, after which they met again with shouts of joy.

But still greater joy awaited them at Kildin. Landing on the coast, they were informed that there were vessels from Holland at Kola. Straightway, on the 25th August, a messenger was despatched, guided by a Lap, to ascertain the fact. In four days the guide himself returned bringing a letter, which to their joyous amazement turned out to be from their old comrade John Cornelisz Ryp who, not pursuing his Spitzbergen researches of the year before, had returned to Holland, and was now, it is believed, on a trading venture to the White Sea. On the 2d September the exhausted crews reached Kola, where they joined Ryp's ship, greeting the flag of their country in a perfect delirium of joy. The crews of Ryp and the companions of poor Barents embraced each other with tears, relating their adventures, lamenting their dead comrades, and forgetting their past sufferings in the joy of meeting.

Bequeathing their boats to the friendly people of Kola, they set sail with Ryp for Holland, arriving in the Meuse on the 29th of October, 1597, and becoming for the while—as, so to speak, men returned from the grave—the lions of Amsterdam and the Hague; and when last heard from they are being received in their strange apparel of white-fox furs by Prince Maurice.

# THE HOLLANDERS IN NOVA ZEMBLA.

# THE HOLLANDERS IN NOVA ZEMBLA.

## AN ARCTIC POEM.

### I.—THE PROJECT.

STILL hung the dread debate, and fiercely raged,
'Twixt Freedom and Oppression; still the soil,
Our fathers' heritage, unwilling bore
The hosts of Spain, and with abhorrence drank
The mingling blood of strangers and of sons.
The bruising weight of War rolled heavily
O'er Flanders' plains, and deeply furrowing marred
The even bosom of the fruitful land;
All Holland felt—all the fair sisterhood
Of allied Provinces—the galling woe!

Yet Holland's flag defiant waved in pride
O'er land and sea, where glory led the way,

And oft to Victory pointed Freedom's sons
When haughty Spain, that never knew defeat,
Shrank in dismay from the triumphant sword
Of Maurice, of the Princely Orange line.
And still, though War his desolations spread,
Commerce her fleets to farthest India sent,
Carrying the spicy products of the East;
And Java's wealth enriched the struggling State.

Europe, astounded, saw the marvel rise:
This land of marshes, where the rivers sank
Into the soil, and the low surface lay
Beneath the Ocean's bosom,[1]—saw it rise
And wax to greatness, till it claimed a rank
Among her proudest and her fairest realms,—
A very jewel sparkling in her crown!

Then Holland's mariners with fearless hearts
Pushed into every sea, exploring shores
That until then were vainly sought on maps.
Boldest of all, Van Noord, with hand secure
Seizes the helm, and steers his scanty fleet

Thro' wild Magellan's straits, and round the globe
Completes the second circuit man had made.

But Heemskerck has conceived a stouter plan,
He would attempt a more adventurous course:
His nights are spent in waking, days entire
His thought is changeless fixed; his reckonings run
Transverse o'er all the globe; the various seas
Believes but parts of one encircling deep,
And all the world an island, so that North,
South, West, nor East, no obstacle will stay
Man's circumnavigating course. He would,—
Imagination startles at the thought!—
He would, to reach the Orient's torrid zones,
Pierce through the icy Arctic. Past the coast
Of Nova Zembla, lost in storms and snow,
Beyond bleak Russia's northernmost confines,
And all along Siberia's ice-bound shores,
Descending by Kamschatka's farthest capes,—
To China would he sail, and, haply, find
The Indus' mighty flood. And if such path
Through everlasting ice-fields may be found,

'T is Holland's flag shall show the dangerous way
To wondering Europe.

Hearts as brave as his
Are found, and Ryp will share the perilous toils,
And dare the deaths that threaten. Two stout barks
Is all they ask, with dauntless sailors manned.
The bold design progresses step by step,
And soon two ships with dapper crews are theirs.
Barents[8] himself will govern Heemskerck's helm:
He, calm in danger, firm of soul, and young
In zeal, tho' gray in knowledge, sailor-born,
Stands ready on the deck. Impatient now
They wait the longed-for hour that sees them start.

It comes. The coast is thronged, the island-shores
Of Texel teem with human life. The piers
Are peopled, boats are decked in festive dress,
And cruise about to view with nearer gaze
The venturous ships. Farewells and parting shouts,
Rung lustily from the crowds, and answered back
By cheers as lusty from the elated crews,

Make all the strand one scene of jubilee.
All Holland breathes one wish to heaven ; she sees,
Exulting, these her children fearless go,
Despising dangers, braving fate, perhaps
To add *one* laurel to her glory-wreath. . . .
Begins the bold attempt ! of which the years
To come shall speak to children yet unborn !
The cables wound, the sails unfurled, they wait
With bated breath the signal to depart. . . .
See, see ! the match is touched, the powder fires ;
Forth bursts the thundering shot, and booming speaks
A well-timed prayer for the country's weal !

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Sing, Muse ! and touch with skilful hand the lyre !
This exploit all too daring fitly sing :
Then, as they breast the waves of trackless seas
That never were explored, O sweep the strings,
Swelling with notes of stirring power, and praise
The deed ; or when the issue asks it, mourn
In melting strains their pitiable fate :
And be thy skill's appropriate meed, a tear !

## II.—TEMPEST.

SEEMED Nature's self forbade the enterprise ;
As pitying the misery they would reap,
She sent opposing winds. But fruitless was
The warning ; to defy and set the law
To Nature, making the rebellious blasts
Their servants,[4] now not first they were to learn,
But custom long had taught. The flood-tide's rise
Lifts them across the sandy bar : in face
Of adverse winds and the grim surging waves,
Proudly the bounding vessels forward leap,
Divide the main, and Nature's grasp elude.
Sail upon sail they crowd on creaking masts,
And soon are lost to sight. To northern climes
Attempt their steadfast course, and hasten on
Like hunted deer that skims the grassy plain.

Alas, and whither, wanderers, do ye haste ?
Turn, turn your bows back to the shores whence late

Farewells rung out—and flee your certain grave !
Behold your streaming pennant, fluttering high,
Points to the land you all too reckless leave !
The unfriendly North ye seek hurls these rude blasts
Against your ships that, as they wrestle, spring
Full many a gaping leak. Your keels can scarce
Resist the fearful strain upon them. See !
The rigging, shorn from the supporting yards,
Falls in confusion down. The lofty masts
Sway to and fro like reeds bent by the gale ;
And now at length the helm defies control. . . .
Wanderers, return ! the shores forsaken seek !
Ha, see ye not that Death is in these waves,
And yearns to clasp you to his cold embrace ?

'T is vain ; their courage flags not, tho' their need
Is utmost : spite of adverse tempest still
They stagger on. Swells to more deafening roar,
As by defiance more relentless grown,
The angry storm. The billows, skyward reared,
Descend with might gigantic on the ships,
Till hull and framework tremble at the shock.

But long the gallant ships outride the storm,
Undaunted and unconquered ; till at length,
In one last effort of expiring rage,
The tempest, blowing with a fiercer blast,
Upheaves the ocean to unwonted height,
And flings them far apart—each lost to each !

Whither, ye parted voyagers, so late
Pursuing jointly your adventurous course—
O whither wander now ? Why cruise in vain
The watery plain around you, that ye may
Each to the other hastening reunite ?
Why sweep the horizon all the compass round ?
The boiling seas and whizzing welkin, these,
And these alone, your straining eyes behold !

Then thus spake Ryp, who knew no dread till now :
"Alas ! ye found your grave, ye comrades bold !
Holland, alas ! thy Heemskerck thou hast lost !
That last farewell thou 'lt rue but all too soon,
And sorrow reap for laurels. Come, my mates,
Yon coast perchance a refuge may afford :

Refit the riddled ship, and thither steer !
Let Holland still be spared what in ourselves
She has not lost as yet, though, unrepaired,
She mourn the others' loss." He spake, and swift
They speed them onward, and in silence wipe
The moistened eye.

" Now all my hope is fled "
(Thus Heemskerck spake) ; " far as I gaze, and strain
My utmost, whither I may turn, of Ryp
I see no trace, no mast nor pennon more.
My friends, 't is o'er, the sea hath whelmed them all !
No, no ! wipe not the tears that flood your eyes ;
Not less a hero he who has a heart
That feels another's woe. Weep, weep, my men !—
*Rest, brethren, rest ! you 're worthy of these tears !—*
But, comrades, see ! there 's that which cheers amid
The press of our misfortunes ! Lo, the storm
Turned in our favor its expiring wrath,
And prospered our adventure,—flung us past
The North Cape. We shall feel the ice apace
Crushing against our bows, and see it drift

On every side. THE PATH IS NEAR!—*the path*
*Disclosed till now was never yet by man!*
On, onward to the East! thro' ice-fields hence!
Success attends us, comrades! Courage, men!"

His dauntless language sets their souls aglow;
Springs each to work with quickened sinews, strung
To spirited endeavor. Soon the ship,
Rigged and refitted, boldly rides the waves;
The canvas all unreefed, she onward hies
Like some brave bird that spreads his tireless wing.
Onward they speed, thro' shattering ice-floes on,—
On through the pelting hail, the drifting snow;
A mist enfolds them, icy in its touch;
It garnishes the streamers and the yards
With glittering icicles; the feet freeze fast
To deck and moistened gangway; soon the helm
Hangs moveless, and the cordage freezes stiff.

Thus on they journey, all the prospect drear,
And growing dismal more with every hour.

Helpless they drift where'er the varying wind
May list to push them with the shifting ice.
Ere long the ice-fields cease to move, the sea
Lies solid, held in Winter's icy grip,
And in the midst their ship fast riveted,
Seems hopeless fixed, never to move again.

## III.—SHIPWRECK.

WHAT region this? The leaden welkin hangs
Sullen and heavy here; here Nature wears,
Pallid and cold, the livery of death.
Vacant 't is all and silent, soulless, drear.
A single mew flits hungrily about:
A solitary fir of stunted growth
And faded verdure, only remnant here
Of Earth's abundant life, on yonder cliff
Appears above the snow.

But hark! a sound
Disturbs the air: 't is a low rumbling noise,
That wakes the echoes of this silent grave
Like muffled thunder; whence but all too soon
They, horror-struck, perceive. An iceberg huge,
Crushing the ice-floes in its onward path,
Comes from afar: shuddering, they see it come,
Nearer, and still more near; on, on it sweeps,

Horrid destruction seated on its front,
And e'er expanding its colossal base,
Still growing as it goes: it cleaves the main,
And down the chasm drawn thro' the quivering deep
The waves rush headlong with a deafening roar.
It nears the ship! each pours his latest prayer!—
Thank God! it dashes past; but many a plank
Is wrenched from its firm fastenings. Farther on
It plunges, till 't is seen and heard no more.

Now loosened from the ice grip, once again
'Mid wild confusion drifts the fated ship.
The billows surge beneath, and beat and burst
The heaving ice-floes, and the fragments fling
From wave to wave; these, hurtling thro' the air,
Strike her rent sides with oft-repeated shocks.
A helpless prey 'mid all this tumult dire,
The vessel, whirled and tossed with easy force
By warring elements, obeys in turn
That which in turn predominates. At last,
Driven by the gale where boils a narrow sea
'Twixt two approaching ice-fields, as they close

They clasp the ship between them. High her bow
Points to the sky, her stern the meanwhile fixed
Within the frozen vice—upright she stands.

Now wreck and ruin have their perfect work.
Naught could withstand, tho' stanch and brave the ship,
Naught could withstand destruction such as this.
The gallant sailors now no more can hope
To hold their own upon the hapless ship ;
They seize the loosened rigging, tackling, ropes,
With desperate effort swing themselves o'erboard.
They speed them o'er the ice that human foot
Ne'er trod before ; they wade thro' depths of snow
That never felt a footstep : on they haste,
But know not whither terror urges them.

Oh ! boon midst so much ill, with joy perceived
And loudly cheered : see yonder tongue of land !
Thither they now direct their rapid course ;
They feel that they are fleeing from a death
That 's hunting them, loth now at last to lose
The victims that so certain seemed his prey.

With every step they double still their speed
To reach yon place of refuge. Rocks that rise
Above the highest steeple Holland knows,
And rent in perpendicular clefts,—they see
Before them . . . mark their path, 't is difficult,
Winding along, between, the rifted heights,
Where scattered blocks of ice their way impede,
And drifts of snow ; but naught can check them now,
They halt nor hesitate, attain the land ; . . .
And NOVA ZEMBLA'S shores bear human feet !

## IV.—NOVA ZEMBLA.

HERE WINTER has forever fixed his throne !
His heritage is here, his kingdom this !
Here balmy Spring-days venture not to bloom ;
The Sun's low slanting rays that faint, and cold,
And wearily lagging thro' the distance beam,
May lap the snow, but leave the ice unhurt.
What mortal here can live of man or beast ?
The hardy Northman, searching every coast
In quest of booty, shuns this ice-bound waste.
No other spot on earth tho' scant endowed
So miserably barren, stricken, dead !
The soil is frozen into stone, to be
Never again dissolved to fruitfulness.
'T is only snow-flakes here the clouds bestow,
A deathly whiteness, all the landscape round,
Creation's garb invariably here.
Inhospitable cliffs forbidding rise,

Where'er the eye its distant glances turns ;
Seems only ice builds up their beetling front.
Ha ! see them bending heavily o'er their base ;
Unseated by the tides and by the winds,
They threaten death to him who dares approach.
The uninviting region this, from all
Human society cut off ; and such
The shores by Heemskerck and his comrades trod.

And on this soil, before untrod by man,
Kneeling, his fervent thanks to Heaven he pours,
Who all his men preserved ; then, rising, he—
In ecstasy of feeling mixed of joy
And misery, of fear and gratitude—
Clasps them to his brave heart in warm embrace.
He seeks to pierce the endless distance through,
With anxious looks explores the desolate scene,
And . . . shudders. Shudders every soul that views
Such aspects drear.

Meanwhile the night descends,
Compelling farther progress on the land,

If haply they some shelter there may find.
Alas! no hut's protecting roof they see,
Nor tree, its scanty refuge to afford
To their exhausted limbs. At every step
Their bosoms throb with ever-growing dread.
Breaks not one star the still-increasing gloom;
They see not one another; one by one,
By weariness o'er-mastered, they sink down,
Happy to nestle 'neath the chilly snow:
Yet fatal were the sleep that courts them now;
They toss about and grant their limbs no rest.

Ha! see they not yon polar bear advance?
He sniffs the tainted breeze; unwonted prey
He scents; with every pace he nearer draws,
Infuriate hunger fires his appetite;
The snowy mantle of his shaggy fur
Makes him an indistinguishable part
Of the surrounding whiteness; now he marks
His victim,—comes with stealthy, noiseless step,—
Clutches the nearest of the luckless crew,
And drags him bleeding to his distant den.

A terror seizes all, they know not why ;
They hear faint murmurings of a smothered groan,
That ceases soon, expiring in a sigh.
Stunned and distracted with a nameless fear,
They darkling grope, to know what harm has come ;
They close in narrower circle, hand joins hand,
And one by one they call the several names,
*And one is missed!* A horror thrills their frames :
They seek the ground no more, but stand and watch,
Scarce breathing, listening, hushed, and trembling stand.

And long they wait the dawn, for tardy morn
Delays, spite their strong wishes for the light.
A stinging pain the biting frost imparts,
Yet scarce dare move their limbs, lest they attract
Some prowling enemy. At length they see
The first faint ray just struggling thro' the gloom :
Pale morn arrives and brightens by degrees.
They trace their comrade's fate, too plainly shown :
Where he was dragged along the virgin snow
They mark his progress by the frozen blood !
Then, shuddering at the sight, they hasten back



To the bleak shore so gladly hailed at first.
Yon lies the ship, wrecked by the crushing ice;
They view the heaving sea, with half its width
A frozen surface. Such the unfriendly land
They hoped would give them refuge? Ha! despair
Finds utterance in loud bursts of sobbing grief!

But Barents, brave and calm, revives their hearts,
Inspires them with new courage: "Ay, my mates,
Our lot is hard; hope of return is vain,
And each successive morn shall make more dread
Our dread extremity. Severe and long
Beyond what we have ever known before,
The winter is upon us. Though no eye
Of human pity melt, nor mortal hand
Supply our need, the Omniscient Eye can see,
And God's own hand shall keep us and provide.
Come, resting in that hope, let busy hands
Be now addressed to work. What still is left
Of our provisions carry hence at once
From the misshapen wreck; God grant it last
Until deliverance come. Next let us draw

The vessel's boats upon the shore, and safe
Beneath the snow-heaps bury them ; perhaps
When ocean shall have cast his icy bonds,
These then may serve us on our homeward way.
Let arms and ammunition gathered be,
The sails be stripped, what *can* be saved, preserved ;
And from the shattered framework of the ship
Be reared a dwelling on the cheerless shore !
To work ! Necessity asks speed ! Our lives
Depend upon our diligence ! "

He spoke ;
Then hurries to their front, and sets at once
The example to their quickened energies.
With headlong haste they rush to scale the wreck,
And soon the glancing axe, driven firm and true
Into the planking, clears the ringing boards,
And trembles in the solid ribs and keel.

## V.—THE BUILDING OF THE HUT.

AND still the cold with every hour increased.
Sharp flew the hailstones, and the drifted snow
Blinded their eyes and to their limbs froze fast ;
Rocks the huge hulk, swayed by the forceful sweep
Of the strong gale. They pant and gasp for breath
In face of the fierce storm, and slow their work.
At times the cold benumbs their faculties :
Before their wandering minds they seem to see
Children and wife, and agonize to strain
To their sad hearts the loved reality.
Then they perforce must rouse them for their lives ;
Compel their limbs to labor, lest the frost
Transfix them where they stand.

To various work
Do various bands address themselves : some heap
The slippery banks with timbers of the ship ;

Some strip the sails ; the cabin's furniture
Others transport with care ; and skilful hands
Remove the nautic instruments. The stores
Of provender and vats of salted meat
Some make their task to gather ; some the boats
Cut from their fastenings, and upon the shore
Beneath the snow bestow them ; others search
The driftwood, and the while prepare rude sleds
From the smooth logs. The loads ascend the beach
In slow but sure succession, till at last
No more is left to gather from the ship,
That, severed into all its elements,
And rifled of its contents, now no more
Is to be recognized.

Now eager hands
With strong endeavor ply the axe and spade
To break the stiffened ground. The snow is cleared,
A space is measured, and the lines are traced.
Hark ! the first post is driven to its rest,
Loud crashing through the ice-incrusted earth !
Blows upon blows from lusty hammers ring,

The startled shores reverberate the sound.
The sharp-toothed saws the hardened timbers rend,
Adjusting each to its proportions due ;
The posts are set, the studs rise side by side
Between ; the leaning rafters crown their top ;
The beams are fastened and securely link
The frame together to defy the blast.
The biting frost, that ever fiercer grows,
Urges the hands to still redoubling haste.
Bravely they labor on, till soon the boards
Climb upward from the ground along the sides,
And deck the rafters with protecting roof,
Holding a precious space where snows nor winds
May find an entrance. Hammocks next are slung ;
They hang the doubled sails along the walls ;
And what so late had housed them as their ship,
Stands re-created on the shore—their house.

Had but a few nights in the hut been spent,
When as the morning dawned—which, ever more
Forgetting its expected time, and still
With ever-slower footsteps, brought the day,—

A vision greeted their first outward glance,
Appalled them with a sudden fear. For lo !
A score of bears, by hunger driven in search
Of prey, besieged them in their house. Erect,
With forepaws clawing savagely the boards,
They sniffed along the walls, their quickened scent
Discerning tempting food within, and keen
Anticipation watering at their mouths.
Nor long dismay possessed them, but their fear
Gave way to thankfulness, that Providence
Had brought these grizzly monsters to their door.
Soon are their guns in hand, and Heemskerck's voice
Cheers them to the encounter with the foe :
"Come, comrades, come ! Mark you yon savage beasts ?
Up, scale the roof, and thence securely deal
Death and destruction thro' their hairy ranks ! "
He spoke, and climbs aloft, and breaks away
The covering boards : the hungry brutes draw back
And grimly scan their prey,—they rise to spring
Upon them, but with frenzy, fierce and vain,
They paw the air ; not helpless thus their foes :
Hark ! cracks the first swift shot, and pierces thro'

The furry hide. Follows a second ! third !
The rattling musketry, discharging shots
In quick succession, hurls the fatal balls
Among the astounded brutes ; nor long they stand ;
Precipitate they flee ; they seek their dens
Staggering and blinded with the unwonted pain
And penetrating woe ; nor many find,
For far the most fall prostrate, writhing sore
And weltering in their blood. Now, hastening down,
The men the dying monsters soon despatch ;
They tear the hairy hides from reeking flesh,
Affording toothsome food. The fat is spared
To serve as oil for lamps and cheer the night ;
They stretch the skins to dry them in the wind,
And as proud trophies won on honor's field,
They wear the snugly fitting cap or coat,
Sewn roughly of the fur, uncouth but warm.

And longer hangs the night, and still more brief
The day ; the sun grows feebler, and more fierce
The wintry blasts. The ever-keener cold,
That scarce is banished at the blazing hearth,

Shortens whate'er of fuel they had spared
At building of the hut; thus forth again,
Reluctant they prepare to brave the cold,
Short tho' the journey to the neighboring beach,
Where lies the driftwood plenteous, to be torn
From beds of snow and the unyielding ice.
They draw the sleds along the frozen shores,
And many a groaning load rewards their toil.

But oft with labors slow and painful pass
The hurrying hours, and oft the day is gone,
And night already falling (still before
Its lawful time) ere they can gain the hut:
Then wandering much in doubt, they tread with step
That grows more cautious at each turn, until
They see the lamp set out for beacon-light.
Sometimes a bear with quick and fatal clutch,
Before the ready hand can wield the gun,
Assails the hindmost of the company.
Sometimes the sleet or snow, by tempest driven,
Will penetrate e'en to the coursing blood,
Stiffening the sinews, to their utmost strung

By hardest toil or violent exercise,
Freezing the chill sweat over all their frame.
Then wool nor fur avail, tho' closely wrapped ;
The head grows swollen, reels the dizzied brain ;
The skin to the utmost strained is torn apart
And gapes in open wounds. The humid breath,
With pain expanded from the laboring breast,
Freezes to solid crusts on beard and lips.

Then hastening to the shelter of the house,
They close the doors, the window-shutters bolt,
Heap high the wood upon the hearth, retire
Within their hammocks, nestling close and wrapped
In their thick furs. But thro' those fearful nights,
When the fierce cold is fanned by furious gales,
They shiver none the less within their beds ;
The hoar-frost creeps along the walls, tho' charred
By overheated fireplace ; yea, and where
The snow-flake, shaken from their garments, falls
Upon the hearth—it glistens dry and white !

## VI.—NIGHT.

STILL ever keener bites the freezing air,
And e'er more pitiless the sweeping blasts
Howl through the lengthening watches of the nights.
Still shorter grow the days : with pace too slow
Ever more tardily returning, soon,
And every day still sooner, they depart ;
As if the light reluctant dawned on shores
So dismal and severe, and to the Night
With her dark shades would rather leave to brood
O'er hideous desolation such as this.—
At last the Sun in his appointed round
Failed utterly, and would not show his beams,
Nor bring the day again to earth or sky.

Anxious, astonished, with expectant looks
That still are doomed to disappointment strange,
The men gaze up into the midnight sky

And wonder 't is not morning: long the lamp
Expired, a second wick has been consumed,
And yet the darkness is about them, still
The night seems only half o'er-spent, so far
Are signs of daylight absent from the East.
Then the new horror flashed upon their minds!
In dumb amazement each to other looks!

Yes, NIGHT has fixed her throne, and rules the air!
Is it that the wide hut to sudden depths
Has sunk, and this the darkness of the grave?
Or has Creation—in this horrid clime
Succumbing to severities extreme—
Resolved itself to chaos, lost what first
The voice of God called forth, and now is left
To the primeval darkness whence it sprang?

But see! the horizon trembles once again
With the returning light, the snow-drifts cease
To strew the atmosphere with thickening flakes,
And leave the welkin open to the view. . . .
Alas! 't is but the attendant of the night,

And not returning day : from highest heaven
Pours down the Moon her perpendicular rays ;
No morning sets her bounds, no noonday dims
Her lustre ; she through all her phases holds
Her lofty course about the polar star ;
Restoring light, but leaving Night her reign
Unending, and her terrors unremoved ;
For the quenched Sun lifts not his radiant head,—
Day is no more, and Hope lies buried too.

Then thus spake Barents : "Ay, my comrades, this
The blow I long have feared ; this startling scene,
Scarce to be understood or credited,
Except experience teach it,—this belongs
To Arctic shores, where Earth around her poles
Contracts her Continents. Long shall this night
Envelop us, yea, months shall count its time.
Ah ! how the leaden hours will drag along,
Fraught with extremities of cold and storm !
Knows only God (to Whom the darkness is
As light, e'en in such night as this) of all
Our number who shall see the distant day !

Offend we not His might and gracious care
By desperation's murmurings: He sees
And pities all our suffering; only He
Our hope, our help, and solace in this grief.
Lo! yonder placid moon, whose softer rays
Bring us a silvery memory of the day,
Bespeaks His care; blest be that fainter light!
Tho' variable, now growing, and anon
Lessening to a dark disc scarce visible,—
'T will often cheer our hapless sojourn, guide
Our footsteps; and if perils haunt our path
Will faithfully announce them, and reveal
The path of safety; till the Sun awake,
And light and hope together banish night!"

Thus Barents; but none answered, for each heart
Was filled with thoughts that asked no aid of speech;
One feeling swayed them all, subdued and sad.
Some wistful gazed into the glowing coals;
Some wept the silent tear, or breathed a sigh—
Tributes to distant hearths and happier days.
Then, like brave men, they set their earnest minds

To face the future, shuddering yet withal
At the drear prospect. With severest care
And inventory strict their hoarded stores
They calculate ; fixed rations they appoint,
That, thus eked out to the utmost, they may last.
The fuel has its measured limits set ;
The slender wick is split to half its width,
To bring the lamp thro' twice its length of cheer.

But cordial concord reigns, tho' penury
Prevails, and, uncompelled by strict commands,
Rules discipline thro' all the exiled crew.
And when the calendar brings in their course
The Christian Holydays, tho' dire their need,
Old-time Economy, the nation's boast,
Knows how to deal with a more liberal hand.
Then do they tear from the fast-frozen vat
The salted meat, and in the roaring blaze
Swings the broad kettle ; tempting fumes arise,
And the unwonted dish sets to keen edge
Their too abstemious appetites. Before
They gather round the sumptuous board, they list

With barèd brows the reading of the Word
That tells the sacred story of the day ;
They render to the Lord with pious hearts
The special thanks which to the day belong ;
And jointly sing the heartfelt hymn of praise,
Till Nova Zembla's ice-bound desert rings
With swelling numbers of Dutch psalmody,—
Then with glad zest they celebrate the feast
Before them spread. And next, if games, or forms
Of sportive ceremony * custom long
Hath joined to the memorial day, with these
They pass the time, and court the generous glee
That makes these days more dear, nor less devout
The holy memories which the Church enjoins.

## VII.—EVENING HOURS.

AT Evening—marked not by declining day,
But by the clock—at social eventide,
Gathers the close-drawn circle round the hearth.
Then penetrates thro' all their pressing cares
A quiet joy, that lessens grief the while ;
Then flows the wine, or in deep draughts of beer
(The old-time custom of the Fatherland)
They drink to loving maid, or wife, who claim
Their heart's devotion true ; and if the tear
Drops as they drink into the foaming bowl,
The melting sorrow soothes the troubled breast.

And oft to serious themes inclined, they love
To share their mutual minds, and speak of home,
Of wife and children, whom they never more
(Unhappy thought !) may to their bosom strain.
Thus as the night wears on each in his turn

Has asked attention: one relates how dear
His loving wife, recounts his children's names,
How hard each parting as he sails abroad.—
Another tells how much his oldest boy
Resembles him, and seems a sailor born,
Teasing each voyage to be gone with him;
The mother, sadly smiling through her tears,
Looks fond, proud glances at the fearless boy.—
A third remembers how on that sad day
Of latest and perhaps of last farewell,
His babe held forth its arms a hundred times,
Pursed the sweet lips to kiss him, lisped and spake,
The first of untried speech, a *father's* name. . . .
But 't is too much, these mem'ries overcome
The spirit, and the words are choked in tears.

On other nights they turn to games of chance,
Rattle the dice, and place the checker-board,
And challenge comrades to adventures safe
In trials of skill and fortune: one by one
They gather round the board, and heavy time
Slips onward, all its misery unperceived

For a brief respite season. Some the while
Look on, and fill the hours with useful work,
Mending worn doublets, or the tattered sail.

Or sometimes they recount with burning hearts
The glorious history of the Fatherland.
They tell with brave enthusiastic tongue
Of Maurice and his princely deeds of war;
Whose military genius, joined to soul
Heroic as old Rome's devoted sons,
Swept out of Spain's presumptuous hands of might
Full many a stronghold of the despot's power,
Breda by stratagem, by valor Hulst;[7]
Loyal to memories of the illustrious sire,
William the Silent, martyred for his land,[8]
Linked to the glories of the martial son,—
Their souls burst forth into the stirring strains,
"*Wilhelmus van Nassouwen*,"[9] till the hut
Rings to the echo with the boisterous song.
Warmed by these themes, their patriotic hearts
Bound with a sympathetic bravery;
They seem transported to the scene of war,



They join their comrades in the noble strife,
And in their proud enthusiasm forget
Their dire surroundings and imprisonment.[20]

But yet the night continues, nor will yield
The hours that justly are the day's. And still,
When what should be the morning comes, they look—
But to be disappointed—for the dawn.

## VIII.—AURORA BOREALIS.

BUT 't is not always gloom, for even here
Nature has that which the rapt soul compels
To adoration. Yea, hath God not made
All things, in all their times and everywhere,
Marvellous and beautiful? In this sad clime,
Where stricken Nature seemed forever doomed
To impotency, barrenness, and death,
Is night made glorious, and all Heav'n bid shine
With gorgeous beauties, such as wildest dreams
Have never set before the thought of man.
For lo! in their supremest splendor seen,
Here coruscate the sky-born Northern Lights.[14]

A strange exhilaration once possessed
Their frames, nor seemed the frost so fierce as wont;
They ventured forth into the air to watch
The stars, and tell the progress of the year;

To look on constellations that were hid
By flaming day from lower latitudes;
Cold, but surpassing beautiful and clear
The sparkling vault of heaven. When lo! from depths
Unseen, beyond horizon's utmost bounds,—
Where the smooth surface of the frozen sea
Met the descending circle of the skies,—
A sudden light leapt to the dark-blue heavens;
With faintest radiance filled the farthest North,
And scarce disturbed the shades of star-lit night;
But soon beams brighter, and with blood-red hue
Suffuses earth and heaven. The ruby flame
Glances along the snow-fields, and on high
Glasses itself in the smooth crystal front
Of beetling icebergs! Then still other tints
Succeed, till multitudinous rainbows bend
Their many-colored arches o'er the sky.

Anon the trembling light, in circling rings,
Seeks loftiest skies; and from their centres pour
Streams of a liquid fire,—a thousand hues
Sparkling and interchanging as it burns,

And, as arrested by some hidden rock,
Gathering red foam, and spattering million sparks,
That flash and die upon their wayward course.

Next, mountains burnished gold bestud the sky,
Darting the lightning from their flaming sides,
While at their lurid base burn sulphur seas,
Beating their glowing waves upon the shore,
Or whirling them in pools of livid light.
At last a quick explosion scatters far
The fragmentary splendors,—seems the light
Devoted to extinction ;—but again,
As suddenly renewed, intensifies
Into redoubled brilliancy ; and shapes
E'en more fantastically beautiful,
Flash out again to startle the rapt view.

What soul that witnesseth such scenes sublime
But must in speechless reverence bow the head ?
They read amazement in each other's eyes.
Tho' wrought to highest pitch of awe, their minds
Conceive a joy 'mid all their dismal state ;

A joy to see such wonders, to behold
The strange illumination flash and play,
And feel its fascination chain their souls!

## IX.—DEATH.

FREQUENT without, well armed against the frost,
They until now went forth to watch the stars,
To exercise the limbs, benumbed within
The narrow quarters of their cabin rude;
Or to secure the drift-wood on the beach,
For fuel thro' the unabating cold.
But as the night continued fiercer grew
The frost, and soon they venture forth no more.
The ice-bear now no longer prowls about,
The increasing cold confines him to his den,
There to abide the winter's lesser phase.
But still the hungry foxes, desperate grown,
Maddened by scenting of the savory vats,
Sniffing the frozen air, are tempted near;
They gnaw at walls and roof; but snares are set,
And many a victim yields them welcome dish,
And helps to lengthen the fast-failing stores.

It happened once, when evening's friendly hour
Had kept the social circle closely drawn
Till late, it was proposed to heap the hearth,
And heat the room to more than common warmth ;
A meagre handful coal, the remnant left
From all the ship's supply, and long eked out
With care, was cast upon the glowing brands ;
Each slightest crevice in the walls was stopped,
The chimney draft was checked, that not too soon
The dying heat might pass into the sky.
Now first real comfort steals along their limbs ;
No shivering now, no 'numbing cold that wont
To penetrate through all their densest furs,
And blankets thickly heaped : delicious rest
Visits each hammock. . . .

. . . But the laboring breast
Heaves with a painful breath, the pulse beats low,
The throbbing brain grows dizzy, and ere long
The choking firedamp had o'erwhelmed them all.
But one, scarce conscious, reeling from his cot
Bursts door and shutters thro', lets in the air,

Tho' laden with the deadly frost, and saves
The smothering crew, waked from the deadlier warmth.
They shudder at the danger they escaped ;
Scarce hoping to escape more distant death,
They 're grateful for deliverance from a fate
So near them ; and they praise God's Providence,
Who through that same fierce frost, whose fatal touch
Withers and kills, reänimated them.

But scarce this peril past, another blow
Dread consternation brought. Their trusty friend,
Their counsellor, their refuge in distress,
In swift calamity their moveless rock,—
The brave and pious Barents,—fails, and death
Stands threatening near. His thoughtful care devised,
And his own weak and trembling hand prepared,
The troublous story of their sojourn here ;
In plainest style set forth, omitting naught,
Recounts their journey, and its issue vain
And fatal. Beckons Heemskerk, clasps his hand,
Attempts to speak but cannot ; shows the roll,
And points him to the spot on topmost roof

Where he should fix it ; that it might be found
In after years, and thus posterity—
If ever ship should reach these shores, and safe
Return—may know what dreadful fate was theirs,
Who braved the terrors of the rigid North
To seek new paths for Holland's growing fame.

Now for a last farewell his ebbing powers
He rallies, prays whoever may escape—
If ever *any* homeward turn his way—
Would carry greetings to his aged wife,
And all a father's blessing to the loved
And loving children ; tell them how his heart,
Breaking with fruitless yearnings, beat for them
With tenderest love, even to the final throb ;
That no rebellious thoughts oppressed his soul,
Nor robbed him of his peace with God, who still . . .
He can no more : he nods his last farewell.

With blinding tears they watch his parting breath.
Their wretched plight its veriest depths of woe
Had now accomplished. Silent there those lips
That wont to stir their hearts, to build their hopes

'Mid worst despair, to make their weakness strong,
Their folly wisdom ; now no comfort theirs
When comfort might not flow from that pale mouth.
They yield themselves to an excess of grief :
The fire demands replenishing ; their food
Remains untasted on the waiting board ;
They feel not, reck not, only know to grieve ! "

## X.—DAY.

NOR yet the night seemed ready to depart,
And morning still delayed. And now their hearts,
Unmanned by long-continued misery,
And hopes still disappointed, still deferred,
Gave way to desperation, wrung with fears
That grew as dire necessity increased.
The unwonted cold, and penury's ill supplies,
Make fatal inroads on their robust health ;
And stretches more than one his weary limbs
Upon the bier by Barents' lifeless side.

And now a thought takes shape, with horror thrills
Their hearts as they conceive it : when the hour
Of utmost need shall come, to try by lot
Whose dying body shall support the life
Of those who then remain. Nor dreaded less
The hour when must survive *alone* the last
And each considers he may be the last)

Of all their number, and must singly brave
His yet more frightful death : in desperate fear
They fling their hands to heaven, and beg the death
That all too slowly comes . . .

Thank God ! a beam
Of the returning day pierces the East.
They see it, doubt it, haste to wrench aside
The tightened shutters, and, dumbfounded, gaze !
Yes, truly, there at last, and God be praised !
The morning twilight chases lingering night.
The moon shines paler, fainter grow the stars,
Reviving daylight paints with brightening hues
The dull horizon, and illumes the tops
Of icebergs : parts the heavy hanging clouds,
Dulls the keen edge of Winter, seems to soothe
The very blasts from Winter's icy caves ;
And brings at last the Sun. He rises. See !
Light, Hope, Deliverance, in his happy beams !
The Night must yield her sway, too long endured :
They greet the Day with shouts of boundless joy,
And their devout thanksgivings stammer forth !

Now hope revived gives to their sinews strength ;
With spade and pick-axe they attack the snow,
Heaped in high banks against their cabin door.
They open them a path, but gain each foot
With labors all too great for their worn frames.
But reck not, spare not, give themselves no rest
Tho' hands and feet are almost paralyzed ;
Their bending bodies stiffen, and will scarce
Obey their stubborn wills : it matters not,
So must they dig their grave, or win themselves
Deliverance ! therefore bravely they maintain
The desperate struggle, strain their utmost, near
With every painful hour their goal, the boats,
Their last resort, their only refuge now !
They find the craft, remove the covering snow,
Repair the breaches, strengthen every point,
Despoil the cabin to supply their lack.
They gather all the stores (alas ! too light
A ballast); and are ready to depart.

They launch the boats upon the ice-bound sea :
Then turn for one last look at the lone hut

That gave them shelter in so fierce a clime ;
Drop the sad tear for their departed mates,
To whom the steely soil refused a grave,
Whose dear remains repose in yonder cleft,
Beneath the virgin snowdrifts for their pall.
They gaze with wistful eye and failing heart
On Barents' storied scroll, surmounting high
The cabin's roof ; and then commend to God
Their souls, and to the waves their creaking craft !

## XI.—ADRIFT.

PERILOUS the way on which they ventured now :
Their boats' destruction, threatening famine, deaths
Frightful and manifold, hung over them.
Uncertain of their course, of distances
Nor soundings knowing aught, and every coast
Strange to their eyes, they steer their trembling skiffs
Where'er the immeasurable ice-fields break,
And leave a narrow space of open sea.

Surrounds them now again that tumult wild
Which shattered erst their ship's stout frame of oak :
Fierce waves contending in their wrathful might
With the vast iceberg's burden ; bowlders huge
First rudely severed from the glittering mount,
And hurled into the deep, and driven again
To crash and crumble 'gainst the solid base.
Or icebergs rush on icebergs, and the shock

Beats the surrounding seas to boiling foam,
While the loud thunder of their bursting hearts
Deafens the frighted ear. Dubious the course
Through such commotion ; often death is near,
Oft seems inevitable, but kind Heaven
As oft with sudden rescue succors them.

And many a scene of splendor greets their view,
Where seas are calm, and unresisting bear
Their icy burdens. When the distance lends
Perspective's magic to the sight, they see
Fair palaces transparent to the light,
And hanging gardens ; huge cathedral-domes,
With many a glistening spire ; high castle-walls,
With angles salient and regressive, towers
Octagonal and round, and glassy moats,
And courts of tesselated pavements bright ;
While over all the crystal fairy-world
The sunbeams shed innumerable hues.

But painful grows the scene when the worn mind
Controls not cruel Fancy's wayward whims ;

Then various scenes of home she conjures up,
Starting among the wondrous ice-forms there.
Here rise the well-known dunes, where breaks the Rhine
Into the North Sea; yon majestic pile
Is Utrecht's famous dome; those battlements
Are Haarlem's, whence her sons and daughters braved,
Indifferent to sex,[12] the oppressor's hosts;
And yonder lies the brave metropolis
Of Holland's commerce: lo! each several gate,
Each bristling fortress, and each busy quay!—
Glad exultation bounds within the breast,
As they behold these scenes. Are they so near
To the beloved land, which they despaired
Ever to see again? Then melt the scenes,
And anguished disappointment takes their place;
They know themselves the sport of waves and ice,
Hither and thither flung on the wide main,
In pathless waters, distant far from home,
Following where Heaven's good favor chance to guide.

And now the ice-fields cease, while far beyond
Their utmost ken the open sea extends.

But dark it heaves beneath the leaden sky,
And more unfriendly still than deserts wide
Of ice and snow : at least these offered them
A foothold firm, if their frail craft should fail.
But what in all yon limitless expanse,
Those depths unfathomed, shall afford escape
Lonely and helpless in these open skiffs ?
Shall they return or shall they dare advance ?
There is no way : these ocean wastes must bear
Onward to safety or to death. They press
Into the dark and threatening depths, to reach
The far horizon, and what there of help
May them befall ; or else at last to find
Beneath those waters not unwelcome graves.

Thus days on days, and nights succeeding nights,
Thro' many a week they sail the trackless deep.
Each rising morn revives their waning hopes ;
Each eve brings fresh despair, and pressing woe.
Oft fortune leads them to some coast from far
Espied, but nearer not familiar grown ;
They scale the rocks, and look, but find no trace

Of human dwelling, nor a clue to guide
Their knowledge of the country ; but secure
Grateful supplies of game, and eggs of birds,
And relish strengthening food ; then they again
Trust their frail boats to the unfriendly waves,
And onward drag their way, but sailing now
With greater safety near the winding shores.

## XII.—HOMEWARD.

ONE night the clouds had darkling hung
In the black sky, and blown the fitful winds
In rapid blasts, plowing the billowy main,
And heaping up the waves to dangerous heights.
In haste the luckless mariners had fled
The laboring sea, and on the safer shore
Endured the pitiless storm. When dawned the day
They launched again on the yet troubled deep,
And drew with painful strokes the unwilling boats.[14]

Wearied with toil, when now the ascending sun
Had drawn the heavy mists from sea and sky,
They drop the lumbering oars, and mean to rest;
They look with eye accustomed to despair
And disappointment, to survey the scene,
And . . . ha! what shores are these? what harbor this?

Ships ride at anchor here, and . . . shrieks of joy
Burst wild and sudden from their sobbing breasts,—
There, there ! *one* vessel rivets all their gaze ;
On yonder mast they fasten eager eyes.
Oh ! sight too happy ! can the sight be true ?
*There* floats upon the sunbright morning air,
*Holland's own flag !* The shock of sudden joy
O'erwhelms, unmans them, after hope deferred
And life and rescue long despaired of. Now
Icy delusions play not on their sense ;
This *is* their nation's flag, yon vessel hers ;
And these perchance are Texel's island-shores,
Whence they departed on their Arctic cruise !

With trembling hands they seize upon the oars,
Row to the ship, but scarce can bide the time.
As they advance they rend the air with shouts ;
Soon grate the boats along the keel, they grasp
The ropes thrown by the expectant crew above,
They swing themselves aloft ; set foot on board. . . .
Fortune most unexpected, never hoped ! . . .
Lo ! Ryp strains Heemskerck to his thankful heart !

'T is Ryp, his comrade, partner of his way
Till that first tempest severed him, and cast
On this same sheltering coast. Not Texel's isle,
Nor any region near their longed-for homes,
But a far-distant White Sea harbor this,
In Russia's rigid empire. Safely here
Ryp passed the winter : now prepared to sail
The favorable seas, to hasten back
To Holland, and announce her Heemskerck's loss.

Astonishment and joy have paralyzed
The tongue, and scarce coherent words express
The excess of gratitude ; they know no grade
Of rank, but officers and men embrace
As friends and brothers long thought dead, and now
Recovered from the grave. The anchors weighed,
They spread all sails before the favoring winds ;
But how their prayers and wishes far outstrip
The hurrying breezes ! Oft the thrilling tale
Of all their strange adventure, and the woes
Of those long months of darkness, moves to tears
The listening comrade ; for the mournful thought

Went back to those who had remained behind ;
To him whom all these rugged hearts so loved,
Who lay there lonely. Thus in converse oft
They spent the hours, beguiling tedious time.

Soon the blue distance yields the well-known shores ;
They trace the silvery beach ; from yonder waves
Start the familiar scenes ; rise towering spires,
The landmarks of their birthplace : all the crew
Crowd to the decks ; the anchors drop, the yawl
Is soon afloat along the keel ; they row
To shore, fall on their knees, and sobbing kiss,
In ecstasy of joy, the very sand !

The astonished nation greets with welcome warm
The long-lost wanderers. Where'er they go
Through all the land, enthusiastic crowds
Press wonderingly about them. Old and young
With loud applause their courage celebrate,
And render thanks to Heaven for their escape.
The grateful Fatherland receives her sons ;

She glories in their bravery, for of such
Heroes are made, and such the hearts will pour
Their life-blood for her sacred liberties.
This all the thought that fills her generous heart;
She crowns their hardships with abundant meed,
And strews her laurels with a liberal hand:
*Counts not the issue, marks the intent alone!*

And now the Muse has sung the enterprise;
In joyous notes has told the happy end,
The glad return of these brave steadfast hearts;
But still her closing strains an echo have
Of the dire region, where with plaintive harp
She sat, and sang the woes she could not heal.
For through the deafening shouts of welcome, still
She hears the moaning of the icy wind
On those bleak shores. From the safe hearths and warm,
Where clasped in love's embrace the lost ones bask,
She turns and penetrates the distant scene
Where lonely stands the hut,[18] and winters still
Prepare the grave of Nature, and for man
A thousand deaths. Then thrilled with pity sings;

Farewell! thou hapless and remorseless clime,[14]
Ye shores unblest, of every favor void,
A long farewell! Oh, never more may man
Set foot upon you, nor may human breath
Flow out upon your cruel atmosphere!
Be ye unvisited, ye wastes, cut off
From the all else inhabitable earth!
Farewell, thou most inhospitable isle!
And may posterity record thy name,
Famed by none other than our Heemskerck's woes!

# NOTES.

# NOTES.

1. PAGE 54.

". . . *the low surface lay*
*Beneath the ocean's bosom,* . . ."

The geographical peculiarity of Holland, with its surface below the level of the sea at high tide, so that the country must be defended against the incursions of the waves by means of dykes, is too well known to need more than an allusion here.

2. PAGE 55.

". . . *And if such path.*"

It is interesting to observe that this is the very course pursued by Nordenskiöld in 1878–9. The famous "Northeast Passage," so long the fond dream of Arctic explorers, has thus been finally found and successfully accomplished. What it is worth to commerce, as a short and easy trade-route to China and the East Indies (which, at one time, it was seriously hoped it might prove to be), it is now not difficult to estimate. A simple perusal of the "Vega's" adventures will suffice.

3. PAGE 56.

"*Barents himself will govern Heemskerck's helm.*"

The true relation which William Barents bore to the present undertaking has been explained in the Historical Introduction. *He* was the one whose busy brain pondered day and night, who largely conceived the enterprise, whose enthusiasm infected others, until the requisite ships and crews had been procured. It seems almost like unpardonable injustice on the poet's part to ascribe all this to Heemskerck, who consented to occupy one of the secondary positions, after the project was fairly under way. But probably the following circumstances may explain the matter. Heemskerck, after his return from Nova Zembla, rose to the rank of Admiral. In 1606 he was sent in command of a fleet into the Spanish waters. On April 25th of that year he engaged, in the Bay of Gibraltar, a fleet of the enemy's vessels of greatly superior calibre, and manned by greatly superior numbers. Victory was on the side of the Dutch, but their Admiral was killed in the early part of the battle. Thus Heemskerck figures far more prominently in general history,

and is much better known in Holland, than Barents, whose reputation is only great in the annals of Arctic exploration. Hence, probably, by poetic license, the author was induced to exaggerate Heemskerck's connection with the present expedition. The spelling of the name of Barents deviates from the poet's, in the change of "*d*" to "*t*." I have done this on Mr. Van Campen's authority, who bases his spelling on Barents' own signature affixed to the scroll recovered by Mr. Gardiner in 1876, and presented by him to the Dutch Government. This spelling, moreover, has now the sanction of the Dutch Geographical Society (see note 13).

4. PAGE 58.

". . . *to defy and set the law*
*To Nature, making the rebellious blasts*
*Their servants*, . . ."

This language may suffer somewhat from obscurity. But a ship may well be said to cause almost opposing winds to further its progress. "A modern merchantman in moderate weather can sail within six points of the wind." That is, if the wind is from the north, such vessel might still pursue a course northeast by east.

5. PAGE 77.

"'. . . *deal*
*Death and destruction thro' their hairy ranks!*'"

The translator has ventured somewhat to moderate the description of the terror which struck these sturdy sailors on seeing the bears. The author represents them as overwhelmed with a desperate and paralyzing fear—which is strange considering they were safe within doors, with guns and ammunition ready at hand. I have also presumed so far as to substitute Heemskerck for Barents. Heemskerck, having been made so prominent by the poet, ought to have something to do. It is curious that in almost all the critical situations of the poem Barents is seen to be the man for the occasion. Does the poet hereby pay an unconsious tribute to the facts of history, and make amends for his injustice in the earlier part?

6. PAGE 86.

". . . *if games, or forms*
*Of sportive ceremony* . . ."

"On the 6th of January . . . they bethought themselves that it was Twelfth-Night, or Three Kings' Eve . . . A Twelfth-Night feast was forthwith ordained, . . . lots were drawn for King, and the choice fell on the gunner, who was forthwith proclaimed Monarch of Nova Zembla." (Motley, "United Netherlands," III., p. 569. See also Historical Introduction.)

7. PAGE 89.

"*Breda by stratagem, by valor Hulst.*"

No event in ancient or modern warfare furnishes more thrilling incident, or the

display of more genuine heroism, than the stratagem whereby, in 1590, the castle of Breda was taken from the Spanish. Hulst was taken in 1591, after an incredibly short siege of scarcely five days.

8. PAGE 89.

"*William the Silent, martyred for his land.*"

On July 10, 1584, this great and good man was assassinated by a poor deluded fanatic, who had been tempted to the deed by the enormous price set upon the head of the Prince by the King of Spain.

9. PAGE 89.

"*Wilhelmus van Nassouwen.*"

"William of Nassau." A patriotic song,—the national hymn of those days,—composed by St. Aldegonde, the Mayor of Antwerp during the famous siege by the Prince of Parma, 1584-5. The Prince of Orange was also Count of Nassau, hence the title, in which the antiquated Dutch form of the word occurs. It is still sung with enthusiasm in Holland, although the recognized national hymn is the "Wien Neerlands Bloed," by our author.

10. PAGE 90.

". . . *forget*
*Their dire surroundings and imprisonment.*"

In regard to the passage which this line closes, the translator wishes to say that he has here again taken some liberties. In the original, *one* individual gives utterance to all the experiences respecting wife and children; *one* man sings the song, and, instead of a general conversation concerning Maurice and his deeds, the same person *sings* about these deeds. The translator ventures to think that the poet has not been badly misrepresented, as his text furnishes the hints and for the most part the exact language of the variations. It was thought that more vividness to the scene, more reality and interest to the narrative, would be imparted by slightly altering the original in the way presented.

11. PAGE 99.

"*They feel not, reck not, only know to grieve!*"

That this grief was not extravagant, but warranted by the worth of the man, may be seen from the following words of Motley: "And thus the hero, who for vivid intelligence, courage, and perseverance amid every obstacle, is fit to be classed among the noblest of maritime adventurers, had ended his career. Nor was it unmeet that the man who had led these three great although unsuccessful enterprises toward the North Pole [see Historical Introduction] should be laid at last to rest—like the soldier dying in a lost battle—upon the field of his glorious labors." ("United Netherlands," III., p. 573.)

It needs no explanation that, while the poet has chosen to let Barents die in the hut, history records that he died during the voyage homeward in the open boats. Of course, poetic license bears him out in this discrepancy.

12. PAGE 106.

"*. . . her sons and daughters braved*
*Indifferent to sex . . .*"

The city of Haarlem, the feeblest fortress in Holland, was besieged by an army of 30,000 Spanish veterans, from December 10, 1572, to July 12, 1573. We shall understand how this siege could have been so greatly prolonged under those circumstances, when we gain an insight into the spirit that animated its defenders from the following citation: "The garrison numbered about one thousand pioneers or delvers, three thousand fighting men, and *about three hundred fighting women.* The last was a most efficient corps, all females of respectable character, armed with sword, musket, and dagger. Their chief, Kenau Hasselaer, was a widow of distinguished family and unblemished reputation, about forty-seven years of age, who at the head of her Amazons participated in many of the most fiercely contested actions of the siege, both within and without the walls. (Motley, "Rise of the Dutch Republic," II., p. 432.)

13. PAGE 113.

"*Where lonely stands the hut, . . .*"

The tradition of the memorable wintering of the Hollanders in Ice Haven is, it is said, still preserved among the Nova Zembla morse and seal hunters, who call the spot where they resided Sporai Navolok. But the discoveries within the last few years of the Norwegian Captain Elling Carlsen and of the English yachtsman Mr. Charles L. W. Gardiner, and the accounts which have thus been furnished of the *Behoudenis-huis*, or "house of safety," yield somewhat more than a traditional knowledge of the odd, extemporized habitation. Their testimony fully confirms the fact—if confirmation were needed of the unvarnished narrative of Gerrit de Veer—that the strange history told in the preceding pages, both in prose and verse, is no Arabian Nights tale. Captain Carlsen, who was the first known navigator to enter Ice Haven since Barents and his companions entered it in 1596, visited the wintering place in September, 1871, and brought away some relics, which were finally secured by Holland and placed in the naval Museum at the Hague, and an elaborate report was made thereon by the Royal Archivist. The interior of the hut, judging by the position of the relics, was precisely as it is represented in the curious old drawing in De Veer's Journal of the "house wherein we wintered." The series of standing bedplaces ranged along one side of the room was found to have been exactly as shown in the illustration. Several pieces of furniture and portions of military equipments were still in their old places; notably the clock, the halberd, and the muskets. Entering into the abode nearly three centuries after

its habitation, Carlsen enumerates carefully the utensils, stores, and articles of use—there were between sixty-five and seventy all told—remaining in the rude home which sheltered Barents and his faithful crew. There were the cooking-pans over the fireplace, the antique Dutch clock as it had been fastened to the wall, the arms and tools, the drinking vessels. the instruments, and the books that served to beguile the winter hours of that long Arctic night 287 years ago. A "History of China" indicates the goal that Barents sought, while a "Manual of Navigation" denotes the sound knowledge which guided his efforts to reach it. While these are choice and interesting memorials, well worthy of preservation, certainly not the least interesting among these relics are the flute which still gives forth a few notes when tried, and the small shoes of, as is supposed, the poor little ship's-boy who died in the rigorous Northern winter. It may be here noted, that on the 17th of August, 1875, another Norwegian captain, M. Gundersen, visited the ice-harbor of Barents the next after Carlsen. In a chest, the upper part of which was quite mouldered away, he found an old journal, two charts, and a grapnel. The charts, pasted upon sail-cloth, are much injured. The words "Germania inferior" may be read on them. The journal was proved to be a manuscript Dutch translation of a narrative of the English expedition of Pet and Jackman (1580) given in Hakluyt.

In the summer of 1876, Mr. Charles L. W. Gardiner, an English gentleman, laudably converting a yachting excursion to the Kara Sea into what afterward proved a most useful and even signal voyage of discovery, visited in the latter part of July and first of August of that year the wintering-place of Barents and Heemskerck. Mr. Gardiner's discoveries were even more numerous than those of Carlsen, and (it may be added) Gundersen's included; amounting in all to 112 articles, or kinds of articles, some of which are most interesting. These were presented to the Dutch Government by Mr. Gardiner to take their place with the other relics in the Naval Museum, and in recognition of his thoughtful generosity his Majesty the King of the Netherlands commanded a gold medal to be struck in honor of the donor and presented to him, while the relics were also reported upon by the Royal Archivist, and the report has been translated into English. Among the relics recovered by Mr. Gardiner, the remains of carpenters' tools, broken parts of old weapons, and sailors' materials constitute the greater part of the collection. But of the more interesting relics three Dutch books, also fragments of books, including hymn-books, were found; and from the latter it is evident enough with what kind of songs those good, ingenuous tars whiled away the long, awful Polar night when wintering in Nova Zembla. In allusion to other objects of interest (to quote from the Preface to the English translation of this Report): "Not to speak of the quill pen which may still be written with—the pen employed, we may believe, by the hand of the dying Barents,—the candle which, though belonging to an age long past, can still give light, and the Amsterdam flag, certainly the first European color that ever passed a winter in the Arctic, and doubtless deemed by the Dutch capital the brightest jewel in her commercial crown—it is impossible not to refer